Two New

NOVELS.

I. The ART of making

LOVE

Without Speaking, Writing or Enterview of the LOVERS.

II. The FATAL BEAUTY

OF

AGNES de CASTRO;

Taken out of the

HISTORY

OF

PORTUGAL.

Translated out of the *French* by *P.B.G.*

Licensed, *May* 19th. 1688.

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Bently* in *Russel-street*, in *Common-Garden.* 1688.

TO THE

Virtuouſly Accompliſhed LADY;

My LADY

CHARDIN.

Madam,

THough Virtue, Honour, and all the other Accompliſhments of the Mind, are not to be reflected on with the leaſt grain of Oſtentation, by thoſe, that the Heavens have endowed with ſuch eminent Quallities: Yet certainly, Madam, thoſe three Illuſtrious Perſons, repreſented in this ſmall piece, which I Humbly offer you, would have thought themſelves particularly obliged to

kind Heaven, if it had produc'd in their time, so exact a Pattern o their own Perfections, as you are Madam; in which without the least scruple or offence to Modesty, they might have admired, with as much Justice as Delight those Accomplishments, which did so visibly mark in their own Persons so great a difference from the rest of the World. Yes Madam, in you they might have lov'd the rare Qualities which were so consonant to those which adorn'd themselves, and which modesty would not permit them to applaude in their own Persons.

Is it not therefore, with great Justice, Madam, that I have sheltered this little, but true piece of History, under your safe protection. You who has so great a share in it; you Ma-

dam, in whom all the glittering Characters of Perſons, as great in their Perfections of Minds, as they were in their Births, do ſo greatly abound, you, Madam, who has ſo juſt a diſcernment in all that is excellently good, who has ſo nice a Judgment in the Criticiſm's of your own Dialect, and who is ſo great a Judge of our's. Finally, you, Madam, who can beſt Judge of the equity with which I have proceeded, in preſenting to our Engliſh World, the true and lively Characters of three Perſons ſo remarkable.

But, Madam, that you may not be inticed in your turn into ſome agreable rapture, by too long a contemplation theſe Excellent Perſons Merits, give me leave to draw the Curtain over it, and to divert you with a

pretty

pretty piece of Turkish gallantry, in which you may behold a certain way of Courtship, as pleasant, as new to us Europeans; *I am sensible, Madam, it were but reasonable, I should give you some more particular accounts of these two Novels, but that having been done already, sufficiently by the* French *Author, I shall desist therefore from giving you any further diversion, from your more serious reflections, and shall only take the Liberty of subscribing my self,*

6 AU 55

Madam,

Your most humble Servant

P. Bellon.

THE

ART

Of making

LOVE

WITHOUT

Speaking, Writing, or Enter-view of the LOVERS.

A Pleasant

NOVEL.

Translated from the French.

LONDON,

LONDON, Printed for *R. Bentley* in *Russel-street*, in *Common-Garden*. 1688.

BRITISH

THE ART Of making LOVE WITHOUT Speaking, Writing, or Enterveiw of the LOVERS.

SInce I had the Honour, Sir, of entertaining you with a Dumb Language, that the *Turks* uſe to Expreſs without Speaking, without Writing, and without Seeing one another, the ſtrongeſt of all the Paſſions. You have

have been exceedingly preſſing in obliging me to put in Writing that which I had Communicated to you in a familiar Converſation. You extreamly puſle me in it, and I aſſure you that I had beg'd your excuſe, had I but known the difference betwixt a particular Diſcourſe of two Perſons in which all freedom is admitted, and from whence all Affectation is baniſh'd, and a ſtuddied Diſcourſe, which peradventure you will publiſh, and ſo cauſe it to be Criticis'd, in its Phraſe, Method, Words, and in all Things elſe which thoſe that Write are oblig'd to obſerve

I am not Ignorant of the hazard I run, I prepare my ſelf againſt all the troubleſome conſequences, that my temerity will draw on me. You are oblig'd to maintain my Reputation, ſeeing you have firſt engag'd me to ſatisfie your Curioſity, without giving me

me the leasure of reflecting on the difficulty of my enterprise. And if Love is counted the Shipwrack of Liberties and Hearts, he may well be that of my Pen also. Be it what it will, spare me, I pray you, and expose not this small Peice to the public, who will not prove so kind as you are, and that will not consider, that my design is but to Divert you in a manner of making Love, which is wholly new.

There are divers ways of expressing that Passion. The first School in that, is that of Nature, and all those Lessons which the Poets have given us on that Subject, would remain very useless without the Aid and Assistance of this Universal School Mistriss.

Though the Love of the Brutes is necessary to the Conservation of their Species, Nature has added to it the seasoning of some

preparatory Agreements, to quicken the Senſes and to ſtir up the Natural Heat.

Man, the moſt rational and ſenſual of Animals, finds the pleaſure too ſhort, and endeavours to prolong it, by new Inventions, he ſets to work all ſorts of Means, to expreſs unto the belov'd object, what he makes us to feel, and theſe Troubles which he cauſes in a Lovers Heart; who ſometimes expreſſes himſelf with the Voice, who employs Writing to ſet forth in the moſt moving Manner that Ardor which conſumes him, and who in defect of Voice and Writing endeavours to expreſs by the different Motions of his Face the Sentiments of his Heart.

Theſe are the uſual ways of making Love in a Country of Freedom, where Communication is eaſily obtain'd, and where Perſons can See, Speak, and Write to one another. There

There are Nation that enjoy not thoſe advantages. The greateſt part of the *Turks* can neither Write, nor Read, neither have they the freedom of Converſing with Women; yet are they not inſenſible. On the contrary it appears that the Eaſtern People are more apt to Love then any other Nation; They wholly Abandon themſelves to it, there they fix their ſovereign good, they raiſe their Paſſion even to a Fury, and I have ſeen ſome in their Rage to Stab their Limbs with D ggers, and then to drop burning Brimſtone in the Wounds.

There is no wonder therefore that People of ſo Hot Tempers, when they want the ordinary means of making known their Paſſion, endeavour to invent extraordinary ones. Flowers, Leaves, Fruits, Aromatick Woods, Gold, Silver, all Colours, Stuffs, and in fine, almoſt all things that are uſe-

ful in the Commerce of Life, enter in that of Love.

All those things which the *Turks* call *Selam's*, Salutes, have their signification, and their Natural or Allegorical Valour, much like the Old way of Poetry, so that a little packet about the bigness of a Thumb does form by the several things which it contains, a very expressive Discourse.

This way of Expressing a Passion, will appear to you as extravagant as new. Yet it wants not its Agreements also, and though it proceeds but from a great want of Liberty, and a defect in the most Common of Arts, which is that of Writing and Reading, yet it is so Gallant and Ingenious, that those that can both Write and Read, make use of it also, and believe that those *Selams*, have more force and make a greater impression on the mind, then the Characters of a Letter.

To

To Initiate you with delight into the Commerce of that Dumb Love, and to give you a perfect Knowledg of it. You must be introduc'd by the Knowledg of those things, which Compose that Language.

I have reduc'd them in an Alphabetical Order, to ease the finding out of those Names. I have Compos'd divers Letters with them, to shew you the way of their Order, and I have Inserted them in a Gallant and true Hystory, to give them more Agreement, and the more to engage you to the reading of them.

The

The Alphabetical Dictionary of the Dumb Language, containing the Name, Signification, Worth, and Interpretation of the *Selams*.

A

A *Ina*, Looking-Glaſs.

Kourban, olaim, boyunga, I ſhall become your Slave.

Yeuzum ſureim païngna ... I ſhall rub my Face with your Feet.

Al. Red.

Chimglumj aldung, dgianumj al, you have taken my Liberty, take alſo my Soul.

Aſma, a great ſtock of a Vine.

Yerdekj Yuzu baſma, tread not on a Face that is on the ground, diſpiſe

diſpiſe not thoſe that are ſubmitted to you.

Atlas. Sattin. *Kimſe guzumé bakmas.* No body caſt their Eyes on me.

Arpa. Barley.

Tchekmé bizj ſarpa, produce no difficulties.

Alma, Apple.

Benden Alma, take me not.

Kuſtaglighé kalina, excuſe my Freedom.

Aktché, Aſper, Half-peny.

Ghetchenelum bir hoktché, lets divert our ſelves together.

Altum, ſequin, Peice of Gold.

Albenj ſatun, take me, and ſell me, diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe.

Amberboj, Ambretta, Flower.

Ikimus birboj, we are the ſame height.

Aſtar, courſe Cloth.

Evignuzj ghieuſter, ſhew me where's your Houſe.

Ak, White, living.

Aklum aldung, you have ſeis'd my mind

mind, I am no longer mine.

Amber, Amber.

Amver, ſatisfie my Paſſion.

Aſma yagraghj, Vine Leaf.

Yuzum yagung topaghj, my Journey is the Earth under your Feet, where I lay my ſelf under your Feet.

Armouth, Pair.

Albenden bir mout, take a buſhel from me, that is, ſatisfie you fully.

B.

Badian hindj, Indian Anis.

Senden gairj doſtum yok Chimdj, I have no other Friend but you.

Bakla, *Beane Benj goinunga ſakla*; hide me in your Boſom.

Balmounj, Wax.

Echkund Artudj dgenounumj your Love has increas'd my folly, or, I love you even to folly.

Bolgour, beaten Wheat.

Euden

Eden Evé Kalghir, you run from House to House, from Fair to Fair.

Bogdaj, Wheat.

Tchekilmez echkung yaj, let not the bow of your Love be drawn, or, exercise not over me the power of Love.

Biruldgé, small white Bean.

Bizé ghel bou ghedgé come and see us this night.

Koulun olaim ulundgé, I shall be your slave till Death.

Badem. Almond.

Bozwktur Madem, my inwards are tainted, I am peirs'd with Sorrow.

Neguzel adem, ah! the Beautiful Man.

Biber, Pepper.

Bizé birbellj Lherber, we know assuredly.

Buberié, Rosmary.

Ghelberié : Approach near me.

Beyaz, White.

Bir tefter bizé yaz, Write to us a Note.

Bez,

Bez, Cloth.

Bez dum, I have wearyed, tired, my ſelf.

C.

Cheker Kamichj, Sugar Cane.

Um rum gunechj, Son of my life.

Cheſtalj, Peach.

Tetter etting bizé alj, you have deceiv'd us ſufficiently.

Cheker, Sugar.

Senj Madem techeker, my own Nature draws you, or we both Sympathize.

Chemamé, Pomander, or ſweet Apple.

Sabghideris hamame, we ſhall go to morow to the Bath.

Chiché, Glaſs.

Kaïl olman bou iché, I conſent not to this buſineſs.

Chab, Alum.

Bize bir chaſj dgeuab, give us a ſincere anſwer.

D. *Dgeniz*,

D.

Dgeuiz, Nut.

Nedurbizé dgeürigniz, you give us much trouble.

Dug mé, Button.

Bone mungnu kimſeyé Amé, ſubmit your ſelf to no Body.

Darj, Millet.

Benj yaktj echkum narj, the fire of Love hath Burnt me.

Deriaj, Sea green.

Tchekilurmj demjr yaj, Canan Iron bow be drawn?

That is to expreſs a ſtrong reſolution.

Dartchin, Cinamon.

Biz Tchekeris hardgin, we will be at the expence.

Dèmir, Iron.

Beneridum ſen ſemir, I parch, and you fatten.

Dginghiarj, graſs green.

Dgenghimus var, we are in quarrel.

E. *Ekmek*,

E.

Ekmek, Bread.
Erik, Plumb.
Eridik, we are Melted.
Eudagadgj, Aloes Wood.
Bachimumd il adgj, Remedy of my head.
Eſſirgan, Nettle.
Birj biriniz eſſirghen, take compaſſion of one another.
Lazum oldu ſenj eupmek, it is neceſſary that I ſhould kiſs you.

F.

Furfelek.
Yacumé ej ledum dilek, I have made an humble petition to my Miſtris.
Fiſtik, Piſtache.
Sizé Kuſtuk, I am angry with you.
Frag Fourj, Porcelain.
Yolun duchtukche guel berj, viſit us if

if occaſion ſerves.

Feſlighen, the Herb Baſil.

Senj ſiriemdé beſleyen, I ſhall raiſe you in my breaſt.

Fonduk, Haiſel Nut.

Felattuk, we are broke off.

G.

Ghemik, Bone.

Nedurgher danuna omik, who has made this *Succon* at your neck

Gul, Roſe.

Guldurdum bejn you made me laugh, otherwiſe.

Benaglarum ſen gul, I weep and you laugh.

Gulgulj, Roſe Colour.

Sinem bulbulj, Nightingal of my boſom.

Gulpemhé, Peach Bloſom Colour.

Serdam bil ſendé, learn my paſſion, what Torments me.

Ghionluk, Incenſe.

Bizé Ograrſen bir Ghionluk, If you ſhould come to ſee us one day.

H.

Hilal, Earpick.
Benj bilé al, Take me along with you.
Aſſir, mat.
Sangna olaim eſſir, I ſhall be your ſlave.
Havaj gall Colour.
Tenha aldun mj odaj, have you choſen a ſecret Chamber out of the way?
Hindiſtan dgeuizi, Indian Nut.
Atchun gnuz, *tenugnuzj*, Open your breaſt.
Hindj, Nutmeg.
Benaglarum guler kendj, I weep, and ſhe laughs.
Halj, Carpet.
Nerd bhalungj, how do you?

I.

Indgir, Figg.
Benj chimler adgj, does no Body pitty me?

Iplik, new thred.

Gär doſtumlenſick, divert your ſelf with your other Miſtris *otherwiſe*. *Sangna Lazum mj biblick*, ſtand you in need of being more clear'd.

Jeſſemin, Jeſſmine.

Sangna ettum jemin, I have Sworn to you, *otherwiſe Ahumden eridj Zemin*, my ſighs cauſe the Earth to open.

Ibrichim, twiſted Silk.

Allaha kaldj ichim, I have laid my buſineſs on God.

Judej, Pearl.

Guzellerum, ſenſen ghendgj, you are a treaſure of Youth and Beauty.

Ikj kardak kanj, a kind of Coral.

Hägeba, ne ichler numidgia dgiani; By your leave, what does the Soul of my Soul.

Ilimon, Lemon.

Ilumumus var, we are inform'd,

Igné, Point.

Ghiewz ſundé olaim dugmé, I will

cleave to your boſom, as a button to your Veſt.

K.

Kachek, Spoon.

Ayak Larumus dolachek, let's twiſt our Leggs together.

Kiretch, Lime.

Doſtum ichj iſſe, birinden var ghetch. If you have two Miſtriſſes, you muſt abandon one.

Kabouk ſis ſonduk, a nut kernel.

Biz ſizé, omduk, you are all my hope.

Klaboudon, Gold-twiſted on Silk.

Iki yuzlu, Traitor, double-fac'd Man.

Krmizj, Crimſon Red.

Bangna miej ſerzen nazj, It is not with me that you muſt act the Proud one.

Keſtané, Cheſnut.

Keſſelidik, we have ſeparated our ſelves.

Echkunden oldum meſtané, I am drunk

drunk and troubled with love.

Kalem, writing Pen.

Benum itchun, tchekmé elem, ſuffer nothing for love of me.

Khare, Taby.

Yureghim yare, my Heart is to what I love.

Kieten, Flax.

Umrume yeten, ſufficient during life.

Kouroum, ſout.

Nege guler yarum, what makes my Miſtris to laugh?

Kilim, Woolen Carpet.

Yeter ettim bize Zouloum, you have ſufficiently uſed me cruelly.

Kibritj, Brimſtone Colour.

Yanum den kon oitj, drive that Dog from near you.

Khiar, Cow-comber.

Korkarum unglar doyar, I fear it might be perceiv'd.

Kau, a Match.

Hhalkj bachingden ſaw, ſeparate your ſelf from ſo much People.

Khourma, Date.

Muradigna irma, execute not your design.

Katiſe, Velvet.

Yeter ettin latiffe, you have jeſted long enough.

Kiomour, Coal.

Ben ülurem, ſize enmur, I am willing to dye, ſo you live.

Kacoule, Indian Anis.

Onyarmiſen ma koule, do you conſent to what is juſt?

Kiaghit, Paper.

Hholkj backinden daghit, ſend the People from you.

Kalaj, Pewter.

Senj aldatmak kolaj, you permit your ſelf to be eaſily deceiv'd.

Kenevis, Canvas.

Yaren gherge bile iz. To morrow we will paſs the night together.

Korenfil, Clove.

Karorum yok, you have no Conſtancy.

Kaiſsj. Apricock.

Boulamadum ſenden eiſsj, I find nothing better then you.

Kiraz,

Kiraz, Cherry.

Bize ver bir raz, give your ſelf a little.

Kebe, thick covering of Horſe hair.

Sout Chume teube, I repent me of my Fault.

L.

Laden, Ladanum.

Boulaſen Merladen, God return it you.

Lale, Tulip.

Kaddumj dunderdum halile, You have winded my Body as an Ear-pick. *That is to ſay*, I have done all you pleas'd.

Lahana, Cabage.

Neme bouldum behane, what pretence is that?

Sule, Pipe Nut.

Tchatladum gule gule, I have burſt my ſelf with Laughing.

M.

Makas, Cifers.

Benj kapigne as, hang me at your door.

Miſſir bogdaj, Buck Wheat.

Sen ulurſen birdahj, If you dye, there are others.

Menevich, Crimſon Violet.

Yazuktur bize bou itch, there's conſcience in uſing us thus.

Merdgmek, lentile,

Hana oldu bou dge emek, all my ſervices are loſt.

Menekche, Violet.

Albenj okche. Take me, and careſs me.

Madanos. Parſley.

Tenhamj Euignuz, is your Houſe, out of the Way?

Merdgian, Coral.

Malum ſenum durhardgin; diſpoſe of my means.

Mechin, Turky Leather.

Yoktur echim, you have not your like.

Mercin,

Mercin, Mirtle.

Allag ſeni bangna verſin, God give you to me.

Mavj, Blew.

Mail oldum, I am fallen in love.

Mazj. Gall-nut.

Nedur bize nazj. whence comes this hautineſs?

Muskuroumj, Wall-flower.

Tchek owtch kourumj, I am yours.

Mor, Violet Colour.

Senj ſevelu oldum khior, your Soul has made me become blind,

N.

Nar. Pomgranate.

Yureghim yamar. My heart burns.

Nohoud. Pitch.

Derdumden oldum bejhhod. My pain takes away my ſenſes.

Nane, Mint.

Sevichelum dgiane, let's love with all our hearts.

Nerkez. Marry-gold-flower.

Koum olaim herkez. I'le be your ſlave on all occaſions. B 5 *Ne-*

Nebat cheker, Sugar-candy.
Neubet ignize kait eldum, I yeild, that you have your turn.

O.

Orondghek, Spider.
Gurmedum yuzum doinge, I cannot be satiated with seeing you.
Ouvez.
Yanuma ghel birez. draw near me.

P.

Pirindge. Rice.
Eteme bize ele gulindge, expose me not to laughter.
Pambouk. Cotton.
Ghel bize Konouk, Come, and lye at our House.
Para, a small peice of Silver.
Ghel Ardun Ara, come and feed me out.

R.

Rezene: Fenel.
Rutek gherek ghezene, Inconſtancy muſt be puniſh'd
Ratfic tachj, Antimony Mineral.
Akar, ghieuzumum yachj, my Eyes melt into Tears.

S.

Sarj. Yellow.
Sarilatum, let us embrace.
Satche. Hairs.
Batchimetadge. Crown of my head.
Saman. Straw.
Allakton boulaman, God forgive thee.
Boulachalum bir Zaman, let us meet ſome where.
Sunghier. Spunge.
Etme ſeuſum inkiar, keep your word.
Sarrmuffak, Garlick.
Birghedge ſarilſak, we muſt paſs the night toge ther

Sa-

Sabouu, Sope.

Ettinbene ſabouu. You make me Sick.

Supurghe, a Broom.

Benj bir yol eſſirghe. Once take pity of me.

Sidgim. Packthread.

Nedur ſoutchum, what is my fault?

Sirma, Gold-wyer.

Yuzungnu bende najrma. Turn not your face away from me, abandon me not.

Sandal, Tafety.

Yeter oldu bize bouſal; That cheat is ſufficient.

Surſam, Grain of——

Sangna bir ſeus deſſem, If I told you a word.

Sumboul, *a* jacinth.

Khoudadan boul, God reward you.

Servj, Cyprus-tree.

Zeter ettin dgeurj. You have caus'd us trouble enough.

Sarmachik, Joy.

Yum bej boulachik. Retire, draggle-tail.

Sakiz.

Sakiz. Maſtick.

Ghel bize kiz. Draw near me; you fair Maid.

T.

Toprak. Earth.

Eskj ſendugungj irak, leave your ancient Love.

Kiaadge bize bak, behold us ſometimes.

Tire, twiſted thread.

Kalbime ghire. Enter into my Heart.

Tchira, Oyly-wood.

Echking ile oldum khira. Your love has made me as lean as a rake, or, as a Skeelton.

Timin A peice of five Pence.

Scudugungna aile yemim: Oath of fidelity to his Miſtriſs.

Boulumodum ſiz den yemin: You have no word.

Frnak, a Finger-nail.

Kazak. Ruſtick, clowniſh, inhuman.

Tulbend.

Tulbend. Cambreſine.

Echkum getchtj bize bend. Love has bound us together.

Troup, Radiſh.

Evigniz yolt ſarp, It is difficult to get into your Houſe.

Tchola, Cloath.

Khalumuze birbacha, conſider the condition I am in.

Tach, Stone.

Koialum bir yaſtiga bach, let us reſt our head on the ſame pillow.

Tel. Golden-thread.

Bizeghel, come to us.

Touroddte. Orange.

Toutzun ſenj koulendge, may all evils fall on thee.

Taxta, Board, or Plank.

Dourmaſ-ſon akta, you are not true to your word.

Tchimchir, Box-wood.

Aklum bachina deuſchir, recollect your mind.

Tougla, Confederacy.

Tarem bize Ogra. Come to ſee us to morrow.

Tutun,

Tuhin Tobaco.

Kalbimus bitum, my heart is whole.

V.

Unnap. a Jujube.

Bangno yap, do of me what you pleaſe.

Uzum, a Reaſon.

Ichj ghieulum. Both my Eyes.

Uſtupj, Toe, or Flax.

Yarum bangna kuſtuwj, my Miſtris is angry with me.

Ouve.——

Yanuma ghel bir ez. Come a little on my ſide.

Uſkulen uſtupj, Toe and Flax mixt together.

Yanun lakaj ben keſtjmj. Has my Miſtris broke off with me?

Z.

Zambak. Lily.

Ben upeim, ſenbak, I'lkiſs, while you'l be looking.

Zengebil,

Zengebil, Ginger.

Senj ſeverem ſendebil, Know that I love you.

Zoitun, an Olive.

Ugnum dengheth ſun mejtun. May thy Corpſe paſs before me.

A Gallant and True HISTORY.

IT is the Custom amongst the *Turks*, to pass the three Festival Days of the *Bayram*, in public rejoycings. Those Sultanesses that have their particular Palaces in the City of *Constantinople* and near unto it, go to the *Seraglio* to Visit the Sultanesses, which at other times are not seen. There they pass these three days, in Sports, Feasts and Dances.

Those amongst the Slaves, that are not Employ'd in Singing or Dancing, which makes the Chief Divertisement of the Princes, retire themselves in some Appartment, where they Sport amongst themselves. One

One day that *Bournaz Atidgé*, the Sultaneſs, Siſter to *Sultan Morat*, was at the *Seraglio* with *Tarhain* Sultaneſs *Validé*, Mother to the Grand Segnior now Reigning. Thoſe two Sultaneſſes who were very good Friends, being deſirous to entertain themſelves in Private, diſmiſs'd their Slaves.

Some of them very good friends, ſeparated themſelves from the reſt, that they might with more freedom entertain one another. They turn'd their Converſation on the Love of *Gulbeas* white roſe. She was the principal Slave of the Sultaneſs *Validé*; That Maid, at firſt made ſome reſiſtance, either through Modeſty, or to ſpare her ſelf the Sorrow of the remembrance of a Beloved Lover. Yet ſhe yeilded at laſt to her Companions Importunities.

She told them that ſhe had paſs'd divers years without knowing what was Love, though ſhe daily heard

heard her Companions Diſcourſe of that Paſſion; which produced ſuch ſtrange Effects in thoſe Maids mind, that ſhe could perceive them to paſs in an inſtant, from joy to ſadneſs, and from Love to their Jealouſy, and Deſire, and that Faces would change as frequently as their Hearts were agitated with different Paſſions: That ſo Woful a Condition had caus'd her to fear ſuch like Engagements, and that ſhe had ſhun'd them as much as ſhe could: But at laſt, ſaid ſhe, Love anger'd at my reſiſtance, forc'd me to yeild to his Power, and inſpired in me ſome Feelings of Tenderneſs for a Young *Turk*, Neighbour to a *Jew*, with whom I Boarded, to Learn the Exerciſes of Reading, Writing, Singing, Playing on Divers Inſtruments, and Dancing, in Order to be Admitted into the *Seraglio*.

This *Turk* named *Iſſouf*, Son to *Mahomet* Baſſa, was both Neighbour

bour and good Friend to the *Jew*, and he did frequently come to his Houſe, to hear me Sing. He conceiv'd ſo ſtrong a Paſſion for me, that he paſs'd both Days and Nights at his Window, or in his Garden to ſee me: And one day, he ventur'd to ſpake to me of his Love, but his Diſcourſes made ſo ſmall Impreſſion on my mind, that I had not at that time the leaſt Sentiment of Tenderneſs for him.

Sometime after that Perſon who had put me to the *Jew*, finding me ſufficiently Inſtructed, Preſented me to the Sultaneſs my Miſtriſs. Abſence, which is a great Remedy againſt Love, inſtead of alaying *Iſſouf's* Paſſion, ſerv'd but to increaſe it, while I liv'd, without the leaſt diſturbance in the *Seraglio*, where Love had not yet diſturb'd my Reſt.

He did endeavour by all ſorts of means to learn ſome News of the

the Perſon he lov'd; all his endeavours were fruitleſs, The Gates of the Womens Apartment are inacceſſible places. Thoſe Cerberuſes that keep them, enraged and deſperate to find themſelves depriv'd of that which might render them agreeable to ſo many Beauties which they have under their Conduct, become Jealous, and have more Eyes then *Argus* to examine all their Actions.

So many difficulties had a moſt repuls'd *Iſſouf*, who had conſumated three years in fruitleſs Attempts. He did Abandon himſelf to Grief and complaining, when one of his Friends who ſhar'd in his Sorrow, inform'd him that a Jewiſh Woman Merchant, named *Boullaſter*, had free Acceſs in the *Seraglio*, where ſhe ſold a great many Jewels to the Sultaneſſes.

Iſſouf who had Wit, and Means, made good uſe of his Friends Advice, and built great Hopes on it, being

ing

ing perſwaded that Money overcomes all difficulties, and that Liberality moves the moſt obdurate Hearts. He reſolv'd to confide his Love to this Jewiſh Woman, and to engage her in his Concerns.

The Enterpriſe was not very difficult, conſiderable Preſents, and Promiſes of Reiterating them upon a favourable Succeſs, did engage the Jewiſh Woman to ſerve *Iſſouf* in his Amours.

He put into her hands a Pair of Pendants of Emeralds cut in the ſhape of Pairs, a pair of Diamond Bracelets, and the Buckles of a Girdle ſet with Rubies, in Enamel'd Gold. He Accompanyed this Preſent with a Billet, and a Seliman, put up in a Watch Caſe of Enamel'd Gold, ſet with Diamonds. He Conjur'd his Meſſenger to uſe all her Induſtry to perſwade and convince me of the exceſs of his Love, and to repreſent to me the Diſorders which that

that Paſſion had made in his Heart, the deplorable Condition in which it had redu'c'd him, that I had been almoſt three years in the *Seraglio*, and could not all that while learn any News of me, that he was ready to Dye if all that he had ſuffer'd for me was not capable to molifie me, and to inſpire ſome kindneſs for him in my Breaſt.

The Jewiſh Woman, who was very Dextrous and Prudent, coming to the *Seraglio* as ſhe us'd to do, took her time when the Sultaneſs was not viſible, and ſeeking of an opportunity of ſpeaking to me conveniently, requeſted that I ſhould give her leave to reſt her ſelf a while in my Apartment, which I could not in Civility refuſe her, I being ſhe which this Jewiſh Merchant beſt knew, by reaſon of my Place of Treaſurer to the Sultaneſs, to which I had been advanc'd, in a ſhort time,

through

through the Sultaneſſes ſingular Bounty.

Women are naturally Curious, I inform'd my ſelf of the quality of her Jewels. She heightned their Beauties and Perfections, pulling out of her Boſom a box in which thoſe things were put up, ſhe ſhew'd them me.

The fires and ſparklings of thoſe precious Stones, on which I moſt earneſtly gaz'd, with an envious Eye, invited me to put them on me for a while.

The Jewiſh Woman, who perceiv'd that I was coming to the Lure, and that this dreſs pleas'd me, did invite me with her praiſes to frequently Conſult a ſmall Looking-glaſs which I had found by chance, which made me obſerve an extraordinary redneſs on my Face, caus'd by a Vexation, that Fortune had not favour'd me, with ſuch a like Treaſure.

Boullufter who eafily perceiv'd what pafs'd in my Heart, knowing that every moment was precious, thought it high time to Play her Part, and to diſcover to me *Iſſouf's* Paſſion in giving me his Letter and Preſent.

Charming *Gulbeas*, ſaid ſhe, I muſt confeſs to you how much I am ſurpris'd that the Sultan is not yet taken with your Beauty, and with ſo many Graces which I obſerve in your Face; there is nothing in you but what is capable to Produce Love, and if that Emperor had once ſeen you in this Dreſs, the Sultaneſs would conceive ſome Jealouſie thereon, and I eaſily believe what has been told me of the Paſſion of a Young *Turk* whoſe Name is *Iſſouf*.

Though I had not heard him mention'd ſince I had been Admitted into the *Seraglio*, no more then of the *Jew* with whom I had

liv'd, that Name made me change Colour, for that young Man's Paſſion was not unknown to me, ſeeing he had entertain'd me with it before. I did all I could to diſguiſe my Surpriſal, and to Conceal the Motions of my Soul, but that Poiſon that had thrown it ſelf there and ſo long fomented, without perceiving it, diſcover'd it ſelf againſt my will by a Sigh drawn from the bottom of my Heart, which I could not for my Life retain.

Boullaſter made ſo good uſe of the diſorder in which ſhe perceiv'd me to be, and made me ſo lively a draft of *Iſſouf's* Paſſion, and Merit, that laying aſide her indifferency in that buſineſs, ſhe made an end of engaging me, in preſenting me with the Box of Diamonds. I thought at firſt that it had been a Watch: My Curioſity invited me to open it, but in lieu of a Watch Movement I found in it a Billet.

Honour

Honour made me immediately ſhut it up again, and return it to the Woman. I Counterfeited the Angry Body, yet would I gladly have been inform'd of the Contents of that Billet, not doubting but that it was *Iſſouf's*, Declaration of Love, who began to pleaſe me. The Jewiſh Woman who had too much of Experience not to diſcern my feigning, did Preſs me to take the Box, I did it proteſting it was meerly in Complaiſance, and to free me from her Importunities.

I pulling out the Billet found under it a little Packet which inclos'd a Selam, but becauſe I can Read well, I inſtantly open'd the Billet, which was expreſs'd in theſe Terms.

To See and to Love you Divine Gulbeas have been to me the ſame thing. The Gods who have made you ſo Fair, ought to have made you

more ſenſible alſo, or not have poſſeſs'd me with ſo much Love, and ſo little of hopes. My Paſſion is as Ancient as the knowledge which I have had of your Merit, and Time which Conſumes all things has ſerv'd but to increaſe it. There are paſs'd divers years ſince I am no more my ſelf, and that I live but for you. I paſs both days and nights in that part of the Garden, where I did hear you Sing, and Play on your Inſtruments, and from whence I did ſometimes ſpake to you. That place once the Confident of my Delights, is now the ſame of my Sorrow, and will ſoon be that of my Death, if you cauſe not my Deſtiny to alter, not being any longer capable of Life without ſeing you. I am not Ignorant of the difficulty of the Attempt; but moſt Incomparable Beauty, if you will afford me but a little pitty, who Languiſhes for you, and the happineſs of caſting my ſelf down at your Feet, leave all the reſt to Prudent

Beuillaſters

Boullasters *Cares, she will know how to manage my Bliss and your Reputation.*

The Reading of this Billet gave me the Curiosity of unfolding the Selam. It was Compos'd of a grain of Grape, a little Race of Ginger, a small piece of Cole, and Alum, lapp'd up in white and yellow Silk, which signified as follows.

I wish, My Eyes, that you were perfectly inform'd of that Love which I feel for you. It deprives me of my self, and if you take not pitty of the Condition I am in, I shall Dye while you will enjoy an happy Life: Honour me with an Answer, and put an end to my sufferings.

Though I feign'd not to be well pleas'd at this Declaration which I thought something too free, my Heart was very well satisfied with

Iſſouf's Conſtancy. It ſpoke to me in his behalf, and there needed not any great effects to perſwade me of his Love, and to inſpire in me ſome tenderneſs towards him.

The Jewiſh Woman, who ſtudied my Countenance, perceiving the Effects of the Letter, and of the Selam, did preſently offer me the Jewels with which I was already adorn'd. My reaſon, which was not yet wholly prepoſſeſs'd, made me to refuſe them, and to Repreſent to her the wrong which it might do to my Reputation, ſhould the Sultaneſs diſcover it, and that I could not accept of a preſent that would be the cauſe of my Ruine. At the ſame time I undid thoſe Jewels which I return'd her with the Box, retaining nothing but the Letter and the Selam.

Boullaſter who a long Practice had render'd expert, was of Opinion that ſometimes a too great earneſtneſs

earneſtneſs, does impede the ſucceſs which is moſt deſir'd, did endeavour to convince me by a means to which I could make no reſiſtance.

She told me that my Beauty being Aſſiſted with ſo powerful an Addition, I might pleaſe the Grand Segnior, and peradventure be made Sultaneſs. The Ambition of Reigning, at leaſt in an Emperors Heart, carried it above my Reaſon, and made me conſent to receive the Preſent.

She would gladly have had me as ready to have receiv'd *Iſſouf* in my Appartment: My Heart did not reject the propoſition, had not my reaſon render'd me inexorable. Finally after long inſtances and reiterated intreaties, I conſented to ſee him in the Garden.

Boullaſter could have wiſh'd (to acquit her ſelf handſomly of her Commiſſion) that I had given her

an Anſwer; Honour and Reaſon oppos'd it, but Love did engage me to let him know by a Selam, that his Paſſion was not unpleaſing to me, it was lapp'd up in an Handkercheif of Silk Embroider'd with Gold, wrought with my own Hand, after which the Woman retir'd, pretending before my Companions, who had ſurpris'd us in the Converſation, that ſhe left thoſe Jewels with me, that I might ſhew them to the Sultaneſs.

Iſſouf impatient to learn the ſucceſs of his enterpriſe expected his Agents return, who made him an exact Relation of all that had paſs'd, and gave him that Handkercheif which I had ſent him.

The Joy which he reſented at the receit of this aſſurance of the acceptance of his Paſſion, did Tranſport him in ſuch manner, that without examining what it contain'd, he kiſs'd it a thouſand times, and water'd it with his Tears

Tears, with the moſt tender Expreſſions, that Love could inſpire.

Boullaſter who would not interrupt him during the height of his Tranſport, when he was come to himſelf again a little, made him to take Notice of the Selam. It was *Iſabella* Silk, a Sprig of *Jeſſemy*, a little bit of Spunge, ſome Time, and ſome Mirtle.

I cannot expreſs to you the exceſs of the Joy which *Iſſouf* conceiv'd at it, it was ſo great that he was ſtruck Speechleſs, and that Rapture had laſted longer, if *Boullaſter*, as Curious, as he was Contented, had not preſs'd him to give her the Expoſition of it. *I accept your Vows*, ſaid the Selam, *be perſwaded of my Conſtancy, provided you be ſo I pray Heaven to beſtow you on me, and that our Souls may be inſeparably joyn'd together.*

Is it poſſible moſt Amiable *Gulbeas*, ſaid *Iſſouf*, that my Paſſion,

is agreeable to, you is it not to deceive me, and to Laugh at my Grief, that thus you seek to engage me further, and kissing the Handkercheif, he said, dear Pledge of the fidelity of she who I adore, will you be it also of the sincerity of her Heart. Then Addressing himself to the Selam, and you Dumb Mouth, will you assure me the duration of her new Born Love?

He had said more; but all Moments were Precious to prepare himself for this Enterview.

The difficulty of this enterprise did cast him in a new Sorrow, and plung'd him in a Melancholy more profound then the former. He was in a dispair of finding in the *Seraglio*, a Friend so faithful as to be trusted with his Amours, and his Impatiency did increase, still as he grew nearer the so desired time.

After

After he had much Tormented himself on the means of bringing about his design, he remembred that there was a Master Gardner nam'd, *Ousta Mehemet*, who was greatly oblig'd to his Father, and that that consideration, might engage him to do him Service, he resolv'd to find him out.

Ousta Mehemet, who had preserv'd for *Issouf* a natural Inclination, receiv'd him with Demonstrations of a perfect Friendship, and great protestations of acknowledgments of the good Offices which he had receiv'd from the *Bassa*, his Father.

Though *Issouf* was satisfied of *Mehemets* fidelity, and that he doubted not but that though he should not grant him the favour which he was about to ask of him, that he would however keep his secret, he however exacted from him an Oath, on the Head of the Prophet, never to reveal that which

he

he would intruſt him with, which he eaſily obtain'd from *Mehemet*.

Iſſouf diſcovered his Paſſion to his Friend in ſuch ſenſible Terms, and ſo preſſing, that though he had not had any mind to ſerve him, it was no longer in his power to refuſe him. *I Love, moſt faithful* Mehemet, *but what ſerves my Love, when that I cannot ſpake to the Object of my Vows. I Love a Fair One, Priſoner in this Place, the inward part of the* Seraglio *which is Guardian of this Treaſure, is almoſt Penetrable, or at leaſt the Acceſs is ſo difficult, that it cannot be attempted without a great hazard; Yet that is not the thing which detains* Me, *my Paſſion which is beyond all limits would make me to undertake all things, if that ſhe whom I Love would conſent to it. I have only obtain'd to ſee her from a little Garden of Flowers which is juſt under the Sultaneſſe's Appartment. You,*

My

My Dear Mehemet, *must facilitate the entry of it to me, on you depends the ſucceſs of this Enterpriſe; I have Built on your Friendſhip; and if ever you have lov'd, you will judge of the Importancy of the Service, and the greatneſs of the Obligation, that I ſhall be indebted to you for it.*

That Declaration had made too great an Impreſſion on this Old Mans Mind, the remembrance of thoſe Diſorders which a like Paſſion had formerly Caus'd in his Breaſt, did make him condeſcend with eaſe to *Iſſouf's* requeſt, without conſidering the danger unto which he expos'd himſelf, ſhould the intreague be diſcover'd. He promiſed to introduce him under a Gardiners habit, and that he had no more to do, but to obſerve my appointed time.

Iſſouf did preſently diſpatch *Boullaſter* to the *Seraglio*, he gave her no Letter, his Joy was too great

great to permit him to write. He only gave her a ſmall Selam, compos'd of a grain of *Pomegranate* a little piece of *Unctious* Wood, lapp'd in white Silk, a Gray-pea, a little piece of Suggar Cane, and the kernel of an Hazel Nut, all which did ſpake thus.

The fire which your love has kindled in my Heart, has reduc'd me to ſuch a Condition, that if you take not pitty of me and that if like the Sun, you enlighten not my mind, I ſhall ſoon looſe that with my life.

Though I was highly poſſeſs'd with Love, I had ſtill ſome reaſon left me, I was kept in with fear, I dreaded leaſt the intreague ſhould be diſcover'd, and that the Sultaneſs ſhould cauſe me to be ſeverely Puniſh'd: Thus I would, yet would not, yet at laſt I was forc'd to yeild to the *Syrenes* Enchantments. I promiſs'd her that the next day at nine I would render my ſelf in a low room which

anſwer'd

answer'd on the Garden, and which was parted from it but by a Lattice Window, of which I should open a small wicket, which would be the sign of my coming, that that was the most favourable time, that the Sultaness did usually rest, and her Women also, after breakfasts; and that all the Eunuchs were on the outside of the Gate, to prevent all noise.

Issouf had like to have dyed, at the receit of this news, which did cause him some restlessness, through the apprehensions that his ill Fortune might make him miscarry in this attempt. He pass'd the whole night with terrible apprehensions, mixt of fear and hope.

He render'd himself at the *Seraglio*, at the appointed hour. *Mehemet* caus'd him to change his rich habit for a Gardiners dress, made of a course red Serge, with a cap a Foot long, of the same Stuff.

Stuff. He put a Spade in his hand, and conducted him to the Garden ordering him to dig a border juſt under the Windows of that Appartment; at every ſtroke the new Gardner would lift up his Eyes, to obſerve whither the wicket did open; but unluckily, the Sultaneſs being fallen aſleep a little latter then uſually, the Gardner had leaſure to dig almoſt all the border, before I could come to the Rendevouz.

He was very impatient, as I was inform'd, he would ſome time hear your great flyes, which ſeeking for paſſage would ſtrike againſt the Lattice, which made him fancy that I was looking and laughing at his ſlavery.

When I came near the Window, and that through the Lattice, I perceiv'd *Iſſouf* with the Spade in his hand, I no longer doubted of the ſtrength of his love, and though it was a little uneaſy to

me

me to ſee a Perſon of his Quality digging of the ground, to enjoy one moment the ſatisfaction of ſeeing me, it gave me a ſecret joy, and without reflecting on what my abſence might make him to ſuffer, I took a great delight in conſidering of him without ſhewing my ſelf. But he having work'd a conſiderable time, and that ſo harſh an exerciſe to ſo tender a Body, did oblige him, to reſt often on his Spade, and to caſt up his Eyes from time to time on the place where I was to appear, I open'd the wicket, and ſaw *Iſſouf's* Pain to redouble, the Spade fell out of his hands, he remain'd without motion, like a ſtatue, but by good Fortune he was not perceiv'd, *Mehemet* who had forſeen the conſequences of this firſt ſight, had ſet the Gardners at ſome diſtance, who were to have work'd in the ſame place.

There is no greater trouble, then

then to be in presence of that one loves, and not in power to declare ones grief. That which *Issouf* did suffer by being depriv'd of speaking to me because of the nearness of the Sultaness's appartment, was as troublesom to mè as to himself, and notwithstanding all the reservedness which I pretended to, I suffered no less then he did. By good Fortune the Dumb Language, which is very much us'd in this Court, and that we perfectly understood, did so well supply the defects of our Voices, that we separated well satisfied with one another. The Eyes, the motions of the face, the signs of the Fingers, and the gestures of the Body, did all speak more then the most fluent tongue could have utter'd, which is frequently Dumb in such occasions, and says nothing at all for having too much to say. We did so please our selves in this conversation, that it had

had continu'd longer, if I had not heard ſome treading in the *Sultaneſs's* appartment, which oblig'd me to make ſigns to *Iſſouf* to retire; and ſo I ſhut the wicket.

During all our intreagues, *Boullaſter*, who was now the confident of our mutual amours, made diverſe Journeys to the *Seraglio*. I took no leſs delight at the news of my lovely *Iſſouf*, then he did of his dear *Gulbeas*. He was very rich, and did promiſe me to uſe all his Endeavours, and to employ all his Friends, to get me out of the *Seraglio*, and to marry me. This had not doubtleſs deceiv'd my hopes, if a precipitated Death caus'd by the Plague had not depriv'd me of my only Joy.

Sobbs and ſighs, mix'd with Tears, interrupted *Gulbea's* relation, and the ſtrength of her grief having diſenabled her from finiſhing, ſhe intreated one of her Companions, to whom ſhe had

had discovered her secret, to go on with the recital of a Death, which had cost her so many Tears. *Patma*, so was that good Friend call'd, continu'd *Galbea's* discourse. The *Jewish* Woman, did come twice or thrice a week to the *Seraglio*, though she sould but few things there; but she was sufficiently recompens'd by those lovers, whose presents did in a short time make her very rich.

Their Passions grew beyond all limits, *Issouf*, who was impatient at his Incomparable Mistris's absence, would attempt a second enterview, in which he might freely, with a loud Voice and not by Dumb signs express the excess of his love. He communicated his design to his confident, reiterating large promises if she had good success. She being won by the gains, did engage to omit nothing that might tend to his satisfaction.

She

She came to the *Seraglio*, gave *Gulbeas* a Selam put up in an *Agath* veſſel. It is to be confeſs'd ſaid *Patmas*, that if love ſharpens Wit, it borders on folly alſo, *Iſſouf* would engage his Miſtris with a rich preſent. This Veſſel was Garniſh'd with circles of Gold ſtudded with Diamonds, and he endeavour'd to convince her of her paſſion, by a Selam, compos'd of his Hairs, of Roſe colour Silk, of *Aloes* Wood, of *Antimony*, of Nutmeg, a Sprig of Broom, a grain of Grape, a ſmall peice of Cloth, and of Cole, all which put together did ſay.

Precious Crown of all my wiſhes, Nightingal whoſe Voice is only capable to Charm the ſorrow of my Soul, true remedy of the Evils which I endure, conſider the Tears which proceed from my Eyes, while that perhaps you are Laughing at my grief take pity on me, and behold the condition in which you have brought me

me. I am ready to dye, if you honour me not with your writing, and if you give me not a positive Answer.

This Selam, and the relation which *Boullaster* made to *Gulbeas*, of the miserable condition that *Issouf* was in, whom she represented to her, languishing, and dying, did so move her, being put on with passion and love, that she consented to a second enterview, the p. ce and manner, only, did trouble her, and she caus'd him some by a little Selam, of a Gold Wyer, of a grain of Grape, of a grain of Millet, of a bit of white thred, and of a grain of Wheat, all which said. *Come my Eyes I am sensible of your griefs, my Heart is yours, be perswaded of my Constancy.* *Gulbeas* would not consent to *Issouf's* disguise for his admittance into an appartment which was joyning that of the Sultaness; It was a slippery

a slippery step, no less then honour and life were at stake. All those considerations were powerful enough to brake off that design, if love who was the strongest had not overpois'd them. *Gulbeas* let her self be won by *Boullaster's* perswasion, and gave her leave to bring *Issouf* disguis'd like a Maiden.

Three days were employ'd in getting things ready, the rather because that too frequent visits might have been suspected. They were so many Ages to the Amorous *Issouf*, for whom neat and proper Cloths were getting ready that his dress answering to the Beauty of his Face, where no Hair had yet appear'd, the Guards might be with more ease impos'd upon.

The 4*th.* day *Boullaster*, and her pretended Daughter whom we will call *Gevaher*, which in the *Turkish* Language signifies, Precious-Stone, came to the

Seraglio

Seraglio. This She-Merchant who was well known, having told that who accompany'd her was her Daughter, deceiv'd the Black Eunuchs, who let them both enter.

Here *Patma* made a pause, and beginning again with a languishing accent, she said, *Issouf, what dost thou doe? you come to see Gulbeas. you seek in her Eyes for a remedy to your Evils, you are going to find the end of them but after a very extraordinary manner, your presence shall cure her of the Plague which overcomes her, and by a strange counter-blow, you will take in, in approaching her, a Poyson, that shall kill you.*

Of truth, continued she, The *Jewish* Woman did introduce the fair *Gevaher*, into the dying *Gulbea's* Chamber. Judge of the trouble that *Issouf* found himself in, and if the surprisal of such an unexpected accident were not capable of breaking all the

the measures of this disguise.

There little wanted but that he discover'd himself, but *Gulbeas* who still preserv'd a sound Judgment with the rigour of her disease, which was at the third day, did intreat her companions, to leave her one moment alone with this *Jewish* Woman, to settle some accounts which they had together.

When that *Issouf* found himself alone near *Gulbeas*, he gave full scope to his grief, and forgeting the place he was in, he tore of his vail, and cleav'd to the Beds Head of the sick Person, who he bathed with his Tears not being able to speak one word. *Gulbeas* on her side did receive such pressing strokes of love, with the anguish of her disease, that it causing a great revolution in her Body, a Chrisis was produc'd, which saved her life, and gave *Issouf* his death who could not be perswaded to quit the Boulster, where he took in

the ſteam of a Malignant ſweat, which peirc'd him to the very Heart, and caus'd him to fall in a fainting Fit.

Boullaſter ſtrangly confus'd at the ſwooning of her pretended Daughter, and much more at the conſequences that the unraveling of this intreague might produce in caſe that the illneſs increaſing, ſhe had been oblig'd to be put into a bed, call'd me to aſſiſt her.

When I came in, the feigned *Gevaher* began to breath and to ſigh, turning her Eyes towards *Gulbeas*, whoſe name ſhe ſpoke with ſuch a tender and amourous accent, that I wonder how I perceiv'd it not, I reflected not on it, and did attribute it to an ancient acquaintance, that which was a pure effect of love.

It paſs'd not ſo with *Boullaſter*, ſhe was ſo ſurpris'd that all her ſenſes fled from her, and her face growing pale ſhe fell in a ſwoon, ſo that

I was

I was left alone very busy, and concern'd. I brought the Daughter near to *Gulbeas*'s Bed, and run to the Mother who was not long fainted, when both were recover'd of their swoon, I went to prepare something for them to take.

The Amorous *Issouf* made use of that moment to say some few things to his Mistriss, which he pronounc'd with a Languishing Voice. Death, *which persues me*, said he, *is a less trouble to me, adorable* Gulbeas, *then the pain which I feel for what you endure. I should run to it with Pleasure, if I thought it would ease you, be perswaded of it, and that I had rather dye, then abandon you, If I did not expose you, by my stay here to a danger greater then your Disease. I retire, but I retire to dye, not being able to resist so much sorrow.* *Gulbeas* overcome with the strength of her disease, peirc'd to the quick at *Issouf*s illness, and weakned with

the violence of her Criſis, could not anſwer thoſe tender aſſurances but with Tears, which made her faint away. Here it was that Poor *Iſſouf* had need of his whole ſtock of reaſon, to reſiſt ſo much Grief, and yet Act nothing that might betray the ſecret, he was forc'd to reſt contented with ſighs, which were attributed to his late fainting.

Gulbeas was long in that condition, and beginning to Breath again, *Boullaſter* who fear'd ſome new accident, endeavour'd all ſhe could to bring back *Iſſouf*, from his afflicted Miſtriſs.

He could not reſolve on ſuch a ſad ſeparation, which he foreſaw would be eternal; He would fain have expir'd near what he lov'd, yet he was forc'd to obey his Miſtriſs's orders, who made ſigns to him, not being able to ſpake, and gave him her hand, which he kiſs'd, proteſting that he would not out live her.

All

All those accidents which had accompanyed so sad an enterview, was not sufficient to overcome our unfortunate Lovers. It happen'd that passing by one of the doors of the *Seraglio* where there stands *Baltadges*, which are certain varlets from without, that one of them distrusting the feigned *Gevahers* going, which was become careless through her grief and pain; fancy'd it a disguise, and stop'd *Issouf* by the arm; *Boullaster*, whose Wit was always at hand, without speaking to the *Baltadgj*, for fear of bringing more to them, drawing near, dropt into his hand a ring which she pull'd of her own Finger, and pressing his hand she thereby oblig'd him to give liberty to this poor Lover to get out, who thought much less on the present accident then on *Galbea's* troubles.

So soon as *Issouf* was return'd to his Palace, he went to his Bed,

his Feaver increas'd, and finding himself pres's'd with that disease which kill'd him, he would employ that little time he had to live, in taking leave of his dear Mistriss, and to give her his last farewell.

I dye for you, Incomparable Gulbeas, *and Death is the more pleasing to me, because I hope that its Cause which was your Crisis, will be that of the prolongation of your days. I should dye without trouble, had I the certain news of it. The disease presses upon me, and I employ that little time which is left me, in giving you testimonies of a love which I shall carry to my grave: happy if that last moment can better convince you then divers Years of Sighs and Tears have done. Adieu, all lovely, live and remember that the same love which restores you to Life is the Cause of my Death.*

No sooner had he ended his Letter

Letter, but he immediately ſent it with the Ring on his Finger, in which his Miſtriſs's name and his were Ingraven on a very clear Ruby, to *Boullaſter*, and was preſently ſeis'd with a diſturbance in his head, and a redoubling of his Feaver, which depriv'd him of his Senſes and Speech, which never return'd again but with the laſt ſigh, which he vented, in pronouncing the lovely name of his Miſtriſs.

Gulbeas, whoſe Criſis had put out of all Danger, the ſweat having Diſſipated the Tumors of the Plague, was more Diſtemper'd in the Mind then the Body, *Iſſouf's* ſilence, and *Boullaſter's* ſtay from giving her an Account of all that had paſs'd, ſince their parting, did ſtrangly Perplex her, and giving her ſad Warnings of what was coming, ſhe felt moſt mortal diſquiets, ſhe would Weep all Day

Day, and the Night was pass'd in Watchings, or in Terrible Visions, which foretold her nothing but those Dangers which she fear'd. The same night that *Issouf* expir'd, she thought that a Woman of a Prodigious height, as Lean as a Skelleton, and of a frightful Deformity, her Hairs spread abroad approaching her with the Face of a Fury, a great Knif in her Hand, was opening of her side, and pulling out her Heart. All those Nocturnal Visions, Augmented her Sorrows. She had made Choice of me for her Confident ever since *Issouf's* adventure, I did endeavour to Divert her, and turn her off of all those Melancholy Thoughts, nothing could Administer Comfort to her; But it was much worse, when *Boullaster* came to the *Seraglio*, some days after *Issouf's* Death, to acquit her self of the last Commission, which he had given her.

So

So ſoon as ſhe did ſee her, ſhe earneſtly Inform'd her ſelf of *Iſſouf's* welfare; but the Jewiſh Woman's ſilence, who could not diſſemble, nor keep in her Tears, gave her eaſily to underſtand that truth which ſhe fear'd to learn, Ah! Cry'd ſhe, *Iſſouf* is no longer in being! and preſently fell in my Arms in a Swoon.

When ſhe was come to her ſelf again, *Iſſouf's* Letter and Ring which *Boullaſter* put into her Hands, not being able to ſpeak one word, did Confirm that Sorrowful News, She Divers times kiſs'd thoſe dear Pledges of *Iſſouf's* eternal Conſtancy, Water'd them with her Tears, and did hang the Ring at her Neck, as a Mark that ſhe Devouted her ſelf to her Lover's Ghoſt; and having remain'd ſometime without Speech, her Face from Pale as it was, became Red, and as if ſhe were become Furious.

Fatal

Fatal Deſtiny, cry'd ſhe, *thou Renders me my Life in killing what I Love, and thou ſelleſt me very dear, that which I can no longer Love, ſeeing that he, with whom I deſign'd to ſhare it, is no more. Why didſt thou not kill me, or why didſt thou Conduct him here, that I might be further oblig'd to him of my Life? after ſo many Services ſo ill rewarded, I will no longer Live after ſuch an Accident; Alas! what will Life ſignifie to me, after that he, who Animated me is Dead. No* Iſſouf, *I deſign'd not to Live but for you, and I ſhould be unworthy of your Love ſhould I have any other thoughts. That Death which was to have taken me off, has not ſpared me, in taking of you. It has doubly ſlain me in depriving me of what I Love, and permitting me to Linger out a Miſerable Life, which ſhall be but a Continual Death. You Live* Iſſouf, *and your moſt happy ſhade, enjoys at preſent the Pleaſures of the* Eliſicum-

fields,

fields, *and I ſhall never ceaſe Dying till I am reunited to you. Then Addreſſing her ſelf to the Ring. This Ring, continu'd ſhe, ſhall be henceforth the Faithful witneſs of my Love, and ſeeing it could not Unite our Bodies during our Lives, it ſhall be the indiſſolubbiletye of our Wills, and the Mark with which I will appear before you, I will continually wear it in my Boſom, and it ſhall Accompany me in my Grave, ſeeing you could not have any other thought, when you ſent it me at your Death, than that of uniting me more ſtrictly to you in the other World.*

She had continu'd, and gone on further with her Complaints, if the preſence of our Companions, had not interrupted their Courſe and oblig'd *Boullaſter* to retreat. The Grief for his Death brought her into a Lingering Feaver, which has caus'd that Languiſhing Condition you ſee her in, and

and of which there is no likelihood she will ever be Cured, the cause of her illness being too dear to her.

FINIS.

THE

Fatal Beauty

OF

AGNES de CASTRO;

Taken out of the

HISTORY

OF

Portugal.

Made *English* out of *French*
By *P.B. G.*

Licensed, *May* 19th. 1688.

LONDON,
Printed for *R.Bentley* in *Russel-street*,
in *Common-Garden*. 1688.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE READER.

TO give an advantageous Character of this Novel, there needed but to name the Person that Compos'd it. The great Success which all the Ingenious Works which, She has produc'd, have had, would be sufficient to put an Esteem on this, and none can doubt of its worth after the great Approbations that have been given to all the rest. But in this Particular I am not Permitted to Satisfie the Curiosity of the Publick. Her Will opposes it self unto that Glory that She might justly pretend from it, and She does rest satisfied with the bare Secret Delight which She receives, in that which She Procures to the Ingenious. Yet I believe not that all Her Cautiousness can Conceal Her from the knowing. The Nicety

of the Sentiments, the Tour of the Conceptions, the clear and easie Stile, all does here Conspire to Her Discovery. The Virtue of three as Illustrious as Unfortunate Persons, which Vye with one another who shall most overcome themselves in Greatness of Souls, Produces in the Heart such Motions of Tenderness and of Pitty as do extreamly Delight. The Character of that Nation, which makes the Subject of this Novel, appears so Natural that it will not be Difficult to Believe the Truth of the Principal Events. Those that have Read the Portugal *Hystory, will agree to it, and I need not make any stay here to Prove it. I shall only say, that if an Ingenious Fiction, has Power to excite and stir up our Passions, a Truth so well Penn'd, as this is, will not fail of moving the least sensible Persons, and to draw such Tears from them, as they would gladly let fall.*

THE

THE

Fatal Beauty

OF

AGNES de *CASTRO*.

THough Love promiſes nothing but Pleaſures, the Effects of it are ſometimes ſad. A Tender heartedneſs is not ſufficient to attain to a Perfect Happineſs; and that *Capricious* Fortune which croſſes all things, has but very little regard to Paſſionate Hearts, when She is in the Humour of producing ſtrange Adventures.

Divers Examples of the paſs'd Ages prove the Certainty of this Maxim; But the Reign of *Don, Alfonſe*, the *4th.* of that Name King of *Portugal* does furniſh us with one the moſt Extraordinary.

He was the Son of that *Don Denis*, whoſe Enterpriſes did ſo well ſucceed, that it was ſaid of

him, he did all that he would, and of *Isabella* of *Aragon* a Princeſs of an Eminent Virtue. After he had inherited a Flouriſhing and quiet Eſtate he Endeavoured to Maintain in it both Plenty and Peace, by all means imaginable.

To that end he fix'd the Marriage of his Son *Don Pedre*, who was but eight years old, with *Blanch* Daughter to *Don Pedre*, King of *Caſtile*, who the Young Prince did Marry at ſixteeen. She brought along with her at *Coimbria* divers Infirmities, and but a few Agreements. *Don Pedre* who had a ſtock of Mildneſs and of Bounty, notwithſtanding all thoſe inconveniencies, did live in good intelligence with her; But at laſt thoſe inconveniences being degenerated into a *Paralitic* Diſtemper, and *Blanch* herſelf being deſirous of a retreat the *Pope* did annul the Marriage. The Princeſs did confine in Solitude all her Languiſhments and the Prince for whom other

other Nuptials had been prepar'd, did marry *Constantia Manuel*, Daughter to Don *John Manuel*, Prince of the Blood of *Castile*, and famous for that resistance, which he made to hi King.

Constantia had been promised to the King of *Castile*; but he breaking his Word, she was given to a young Prince, who was once to reign over a considerable number of fair Provinces. He was but in his twenty fifth year, and the handsomest Man of all *Spain*: with the most advantageous Qualities of the Body, he possest those of the Soul, and in all things, he did prove himself worthy of that Crown, which was appointed for him.

The Princess *Constantia* was Beautiful, Spirituous, and generous as much as any Woman in the World, her Merit ought to have Captivated *Don Pedre*, and certainly he had for her an Esteem mix'd with respect; which might have pass'd for Love with the less

Penetrating Persons. Mean time his more real Flames were reserv'd for another Beauty.

Constantia, brought forth a Son in the first Year of her Marriage; who was Named *Don Louis*, and who scarce had the time to discern the light; The loss of him did cause her to feel many Sorrows; but that cold indifferency which she observ'd in those Cares which her Husband did bestow on her, was much more sensible to her. It had not been difficult for her to give herself wholly to her Duty, and to singularly cleave to his tender Affections, but that powerful Interest which bound her so strictly unto the Prince of *Portugal*, did open her Eyes on his actions, where she could not find any thing that was Natural, and that could satisfiy her Nicety.

At first she thought she had deceived herself; but time having confirm'd what she fear'd, she did secretly sigh for it, and had so much

Consideration

Consideration for the Prince as to give him but some obliging marks of her Sorrow, which she could not Conceal from *Agnes de Castro*, who lived with her, and the Princess Affection did distinguish her from all the other Women.

This Maiden so dear to the Princess, did well deserve that preference which she gave her. She was excessively Beautiful, wise, discreet, Spirituous, and more Affectionate for *Constantia* then she was for her own Interest, having left her Family, whose name was *Illustrious*, and that did hold a very Considerable rank, to give herself wholly to the Princess, and to follow her into *Portugal*. It was in her bosom that she poured forth her first Sorrow, and the Charming *Agnes* omitted nothing that could Administer Comfort to her.

Constantia was not the only Person which Complained of *Don*

Pedre, before the Divorce of *Blanch*, he had expreſ'd ſome Tenderneſs towards *Elvira Goncales*, Siſter to *Don Alvar Goncales*, Favorite to the King of *Portugal*; and that Amuſement of the Princes youngeſt Years, having made a real Impreſſion on *Elvira*, whoſe Ambition had been flatter'd by *Blanche's* Infirmities, ſhe had ſeen *Conſtantia* poſſeſs her place, with a ſecret Rage, and to be Miſtreſs of Sufficiency of Charms to take from her all to the laſt hopes.

Her Jealouſy left her not long idle; ſhe examin'd all the Prince's Actions, and without difficulty did unravel the Cauſe of that indifferency, which he had for his Spouſe: But that did not bring him back to her, and it was with great preſumption, that ſhe miſtruſted ſome new Paſſion in him, which ſhe promiſed to her ſelf to thwart ſo ſoon as ſhe ſhould find it out. She had a mind that was very fit for bold Enterpriſes, and her Brothers Credit did raiſe

raiſe ſuch a pride in her, that all the Princes indifferency was not capable to humble.

He did languiſh, and none could gueſs at the Cauſe, he had no longer any reliſh for public Sports, ordinary converſations were uneaſy, and ſolitude only had ſome power over him; this change ſurpris'd every body, Don *Alfonſo*, who lov'd his Son, deſign'd to diſcourſe him about it; but the Prince gave no other Anſwer, than, that it was an effect of his Temper.

All this while, time did paſs, and the Princeſs was deliver'd of a ſecond Son, who liv'd and was nam'd *Ferdinando*. Don *Pedre* did force himſelf a little to take ſhare in the public Joy. It was believ'd that the humour was going to alter; but that glimpſe of a Calm laſted not long, and he ſoon did relapſe into his deep Melancholly.

The plotting *Elvira* was inceſſantly agitated, in ſeeking after the Knowledg of his Secret. Chance

Labour'd

labour'd for her in it. One day, that ſhe was walking of her fury in the Palace's Gardens, ſhe found the Prince of *Portugal* aſleep in an obſcure *Grotto*. Her Fury could not hold againſt that Object. She caſt her Eyes on him, and perceiv'd that in ſpight of ſleep ſome Tears did ſteal from his Eyes. That ſhare which he ſtill had in her heart, had no hard task to ſoften it; but ſhe heard him ſigh, and afterwards to expreſs theſe ill articulated Words: Yes, divine *Agnes*, I will dye before I diſcover it, and *Conſtantia* ſhall have no Cauſe to reproach you any thing. *Elvira* was ſeis'd with horror at that diſcourſe, which preſently repreſented to her Imagination *Agnes de Caſtro* with all her charms, and not doubting but that it was ſhe who poſſeſt Don *Pedre*'s heart, ſhe felt more hatred againſt that Rival, than ſhe had of Tenderneſs for him. The *Grotto* was no fit place to make Reflections in, and to form

deſigns.

designs. Perhaps that her first transport had caus'd her to have awakned the Prince, had she not perceiv'd under his hand a Paper, which she seis'd, and that she might not be surpris'd reading of it, she went forth with as much diligence as emotion.

When she was got to her Apartment, she open'd the Paper trembling, and in it found these Verses writ with Don *Pedre*'s own hand, which it is likely he had newly compos'd.

Desist, Torment no more my Heart, (Glory
Honour, and Sacred Rights, chief concerns of my
Love whispers me another story.
And I yeild to his Conquering Art.
Ye seeming over lasting ties,
Compel'd engagements, Oaths Love never made,
You must all, at his feet be laid
As a Most humble Sacrifice.
Dear Princess, you, to whom my Faith is due,
Pardon my over-ruling Fate,
'Tis confess'd, I deserve your hate.
'Lass! 'tis my Star renders me false to you.

Elvira

Elvira knew well *Don Pedre's* Writing, and was not Ignorant that he made Verſes, and obſerving the ſad part that *Hymen* Acted in thoſe which was fallen into her hands, She Scrupled not to produce them to the Princeſs: That ſhe might not be ſuſpected, She appeared not in the leaſt; but it being not ſufficient to cauſe *Conſtantia* to obſerve how little her Husband Lov'd her, and that it was neceſſary alſo, to inform her, that he was become *Agnes de Caſtros*, Slave, *Elvira* caus'd theſe few Words, in an Unknown Hand, to be Writ under the Princes Verſes, where there was a ſufficient ſpace.

Sleep betray'd this unlucky Lover
Compell'd his own Lips to diſcover,
The very Dictates of his Heart,
Declaring, Agnes, *makes it Smart.*

Elvira did not much ſtick on the Nicety of Poetry in the laſt Verſes, and provided, they had but

but the Effect which she wish'd for, she requir'd no more.

Her Impatiency would not permit her to stay till the next day to Publish them. She went to the Princess Apartment, who was gone forth to walk, and passing to her very Closet without being perceiv'd, she conveyed the Paper in a Book which the Princess did usually read, and Retired very well satisfy'd with her good Success.

So soon as *Constantia* was return'd, she went into her Closet, where she found the Book open and in it those Verses that should cost her so dear. The Prince's Character was well known to her; but besides the cruel Confirmation of all that she had feared, she learn'd that it was *Agnes* of *Castro*, whose sole Friendship could consolate her Affliction, who was the cause of it. She did Read an hundred times over the same thing, seeking to belye her own Eyes and Reason; but perceiving too well that she was not deceiv'd,

and

and consulting her Thoughts on this Adventure, she found her self much more possest with Sorrow then with Anger, when she consider'd that *Don Pedre* as Amorous as he was, had still preserv'd his Love in Secrecy. After having pittyed him without Condemning, her natural tenderness did cause her to shed a deluge of Tears, and did inspire her with the design of concealing all her Grief.

She had certainly done it by the Power of an Extraordinary Virtue, had not the Prince enter'd with extream hast, he missing his Verses at his awaking, and fearing they should light into Indiscreet Hands, he came into the Palace disturb'd with this Loss, came to *Constantia*, observ'd her Humid Eyes, and stay'd his own on those unlucky Verses, which had newly escap'd from his Passion.

He presently grew Pale, and appear'd so Concern'd that the Generous

Generous Princes was more ſenſible of his then of her own Misfortune: Madam, ſaid he, with Amazement, whence have you that Paper? It cannot come but from ſome Enemy of your quiet and mine, reply'd *Conſtantia*, it is the Work of your own Hand, My Lord, and doubtleſs of the Motion of your Heart alſo; but fear nothing, if my Tenderneſs would make it paſs for a Crime, that ſame Tenderneſs which nothing can alter, would prevent it in me.

Conſtantia's Moderation did ſerve but to render the Prince more Confounded. How Generous you are Madam continu'd he, and how Unfortunate am I! Some Tears did Accompany thoſe Words, and the Princeſs who Paſſionately Lov'd him, was ſo ſenſibly mov'd with them that for along ſpace they both remain'd Mute. At laſt *Conſtantia* broke ſilence, and ſhewing him, what

Elvira

Elvira had caus'd to be added; You have betray'd your self, My Lord, continu'd she, you have been over-heard, and your Secret is known. It was in that very Moment that the Prince's whole Strength did Abandon him, and that his present Condition became worthy of Compassion. He could not forgive himself that Unvoluntary Crime which he had committed against the Amiable Innocent *Agnes*; and though he was convinc'd of *Constantia's* Bounty, the Vexation which this Prudent, and Modest Maid might receive from his Conduct, did carry it above all other Considerations.

The Princess who was examining of him with her Eyes, perceived so many marks of despair on his Face, that she fear'd the effects of it, and obligingly holding forth her hand to him; I promise you, my Lord, said she, that I will never complain of you, and that *Agnes* shall ever be dear to me. You

shall

ſhall not find me inclin'd to make you reproaches; and not being capable of poſſeſſing your heart, Il'e reſt ſatisfyed in endeavouring to render my ſelf worthy of it. *Don Pedre* more concern'd than before, bowed a Knee before *Conſtantia*, kiſs'd with reſpect that hand which ſhe had given him, and, perhaps did forget *Agnes* for a moment.

But Love did ſoon put a ſtop to theſe ſmall Progreſſes of *Hymen*, That fatal Planet which did predominate over Don *Pedre*'s Fate, had not yet ſpent all it's malignity, and one moment of *Agnes* his ſight, ſoon added new Forces to his Paſſion.

That fair Maids conſent had had no ſhare in her victory, her eyes were exact and diſcerning, but they ſought not in the Princeſs eyes, for that which they would have diſcovered to her.

She never did uſe to be long diſtant from *Conſtantia*, wherefore Don *Pedre* was no ſooner gone out of the Cloſet but ſhe came into it, and

and finding the Princeſs mov'd and melting, ſhe doubted not but that ſhe had ſome juſt Cauſe of Sorrow; ſhe put her ſelf in the ſame poſture, that the Prince had been but a moment before, and expreſſing her diſturbance with concerned Looks, Madam, ſaid ſhe, in the name of your Bounties, conceal not from me the Cauſe of that Trouble I find in you. Alas! *Agnes*, reply'd the beautiful Princeſs, what is it you would know, and what am I to tell you? The Prince is in Love. That hand which he once gave me, was no preſent of his heart, and all the advantage of this Allyance, will but make me the Sacrifice. The Prince in Love! reply'd *Agnes*, with an Amazement mixt with Indignation: And what Fatal Beauty can diſpute with yours the Empire of an heart ſo juſtly due to you? Ah! Madam, all my reſpect cannot hinder me from murmuring againſt him. Do not accuſe him of any thing, reply'd *Conſtantia*, he

ſtrives

ſtrives all that he can, and I am more oblig'd to his endeavouring to remain faithful to me, than if I really did enjoy his affections. It is not ſufficient to fight for to overcome, and the Prince does more in that diſpoſition he finds himſelf in, than I ought to have hoped for. In fine, he is my Husband, an amiable Husband, to which there is nothing wanting, but that which I have not been able to inſpire in him, that is, a Paſſion which had rendred me too happy. Ah! Madam, cryed out *Agnes de Caſtro*, tranſported with her affection for *Conſtantia*: He is a blind Prince, who knows not the precious advantage which he poſſeſſes. It muſt needs be that he knows more, reply'd the Princeſs, modeſtly: But Madam, continued *Agnes*, is there any thing either in *Portugal*, or in all *Spain*, that can be compar'd to you? And not to reckon on the Qualities of your Perſon, can thoſe of your mind be ſufficiently prais'd?

—My

——My Dear *Agnes*, replyed the Princeſs ſighing, ſhe that takes my Husbands heart from me, has but too much wherewith to plead his Excuſe, ſeeing it is of thee that Fortune has made uſe to give me that woeful blow: Yes, *Agnes* the Prince loves thee, and that Merit which I know to be in thee, puts a ſtop to my Complaints, not admitting of the leaſt reſentment.

The Beauteous *Agnes* little expected what the Princeſs had ſaid to her. Thunder and Lightning, had leſs ſurpris'd and abaſs'd her, ſhe remain'd long Speechleſs; but at laſt fixing her looks on *Conſtantia*; What ſay you Madam, reply'd ſhe, and what thoughts have you had of me? What ſhould I be capable of betraying you? And in coming here fill'd with Zeal for the quiet of your Life I ſhould bring with me but a direful Poiſon, that ſhould diſturb it? How ſhould I deteſt that little of Beauty which is found in me, (though without

without any design in me of making of it known) and that unfortunate day in which I first beheld the Prince! But Madam it cannot be me certainly that the Heavens have chosen to travers you. They are not so much my Enemy to put me to so severe a Tryal, and if I was that Odious Person, there would be no Exiles nor Torments to which I would not condemn my self. 'Tis *Elvira*, Madam, whom the Prince has formerly Lov'd, before your Marriage, and even before *Blanch*'s Divorce; some indiscreet reports have been made you concerning that intregue of his Younger days; but that which has happen'd in the time of *Blanch*, has no relation to you. It is most certain that *Don Pedre* Loves, you answered the Princess, and I have vanity enough to believe that of truth, there is none but you in all *Spain* that can dispute it with me, but his secret is discover'd, and he has not deny'd it. What, reply'd the

the Beauteous *Agnes*, with a greater surprise it is from himself, that you have receiv'd the Intelligence of his weakness? Then did *Constantia* shew her the Verses, and there never was any dispair like hers.

While they were in that sad conversation, Impatient *Elvira*, who was desirous to learn the effects of her Practices came again to the Princess, where she had a free access, she was not hindred from going to her very Closet, and her Presence drew a redness on the cheeks of two restless and afflicted Persons which desired not her Company, she had the satisfaction of observing *Constantia* to lay aside those Verses, which the Princess had not seen without her Malice, and of an imoderate Sorrow in her Eyes, and in *Agnese*'s also. She remain'd there just so long as needed to inform her that she had succeeded well, but the Princess who desired not such an obstinate Witness of the troubles she was in at that present

preſent, order'd to be left alone, *Elvira* went out, and *Agnes de Caſtro* retired at the ſame time alſo.

It was in her own Chamber, that examining more at large her Adventure, ſhe found it as cruel as Death it ſelf. She Lov'd *Conſtantia* with a true Affection, and till then, had not had for the Prince of *Portugal* but an eſteem mixed with that admiration which could not be deny'd to his Excellent Qualities, and conſidering herſelf with extremity of Grief, as the cauſe of the Sorrows of ſuch a Princeſs to whoſe Bountys ſhe was ſo Indebted, ſhe Employd all the Night in Tears and Complaints, which ſufficiently reveng'd *Conſtantia* of theſe Evils which ſhe caus'd her to feel.

The Prince was no leſs diſturb'd, his Wives generoſity increaſed his remorſes, without diminiſhing his love. He did fear, not without great likelineſs, that they who had

poſſeſt *Conſtantia* with thoſe Verſes, would alſo acquaint the King of his paſſion, from whom he could not expect ſo great an Indulgency, and he would freely part with his Life to free himſelf from that extremity.

The afflicted *Conſtantia* did Languiſh in a deplorable condition, ſhe could not ſee any thing in thoſe Perſons that caus'd her Misfortune, but what was apt to move her tender affections. At laſt Jealouſy deſign'd, (but vainly) to combat that tendency which ſhe had, to Love them. The Prince was not leſs dear unto her, and ſhe could not be ſenſible either of hatred or indifferency towards her rival.

While that theſe three uneaſy Perſons did abandon themſelves unto their Melancholy, *Elvira* who was reſolved not to let her vengeance remain imperfect was contriving by what means ſhe might accompliſh it. Her Brother on whom

whom she did depend, did shew her a great affection, and guessing that the Loves of *Don Pedre* and *Agnes* of *Castro* would not be approv'd of by the King, she discover'd it to *Don Alvares*, who was not Ignorant of the former that the Prince had had with his Sister. He found himself most powerfully concern'd in the news she had told him, through a secret passion which he had for *Agnes*, which he had concealed in his own Breast least it should in any sort thwart the smooth course of his good Fortune, and he was in expectation of a continuation of *Don Alfonses* Favours, whereby to render his Heart, a more considerable present.

He concealed not from his Sister a Mistery which he had found very difficult to keep secret, and it prov'd a duplication of vexation to her, to find *Agnes* the Sovereign of all those Hearts over which she had any pretentions.

Don Alvares was one of those Ambitious men that are so without Moderation, Proud without Generosity, of cruel inclination, and who to attain his ends, could not see any thing, that was either difficult or Illigitimate. He Naturaly lov'd not the Prince who in all reason was to possess the first place in *Don Alfonse*'s Heart, and who set limits unto *Don Alvare*'s good Fortune. But he understood that he was his Rival, Jealousie increas'd his hatred, and he intreated *Elvira* to employ all her cares to cross an engagement which could not but be opposite to his designs. She promised him all aid and assistance, though she was not satisfied, as to her own concerns, and he rely'd on her promise and dexterity.

Don Alvares, who had sensibly felt the Prince of *Portugal*'s concurrence in his amours, had no other thoughts but of thwarting and opposing his Merits. He had no handsom

handſom preſence, neither was he of an agreable temper, and *Don Pedre* had thoſe advantages, and poſſeſs'd divers others alſo, but being Husband to *Conſtantia*, and that he wholly depended on a Father who was abſolute, and that *Don Alvares* was under no reſtraint, and Maſter of a conſiderable Fortune, he truſted his good Fortune on that ſcore.

He knew well that *Don Pedre*'s Love could not but inſpire *Don Alfonſe* with a violent anger; and being over diligent in doing evil, his firſt Care was to inform him of it. After he had given ſufficient Leaſure to his anger to rouſe unto that Pitch he wou'd have it, he ſpoke for himſelf, and ſoon did render the King Protector of his Paſſion.

Though *Don Alvares* had no other Merits with the King of *Portugal*, than a continual blind Complacency, he had poured all his Favours upon him, and in that

State in which the Kings Liberality had placed him; few Women could well refuſe his Allegiance, *Don Alfonſe* did aſſure him the continuation of his Friendſhip and Favour, and did aſſure him that he himſelf ſhould looſe his authority, or that he would make him Maſter of *Agnes*.

Don Alvares, perfectly learned in the Art of managing his Maſter did anſwer his laſt bounties with a profound ſubmiſſion, and very fit to continue them. He had never ſpoken to *Agnes* what he did feel for her, but he then thought it time to break forth, and immediately ſought after the means to perform it.

The galantry of *Coimbria* which lay in oblivion did then rouſe it ſelf up again. The King to pleaſure *Don Alvares* under a pretence of diverting of *Conſtantia*, did order ſome publie ſports, and it was his Pleaſure that all things ſhould appear very magnificently.

Ever

Ever ſince the adventure of the Verſes *Don Pedre* had endeavor'd all means to conſtrain himſelf and of appearing leſs concern'd; but in the bottom he ſtill equally ſuffer'd, and it was not without great uneaſineſs that he fitted himſelf for the Juſting. And ſeing that he could not appear ſo Publicly with *Agnes's* Colours, he took thoſe of the Princeſs, without any Motto or Agreements.

Don Alvares ſet himſelf off with *Agnes de Caſtro's* Liveries, and that beautiful Maid, who found no comfort in what the Princeſs had ſaid, had this further addition of Sorrow.

Don Pedre did appear in the Liſt extream graceful, and *Don Alvares* who look'd upon this day as his own, did appear all Glittering with Gold and Jewels mixed with blew, which was *Agnes's* Colour, and his Equipage was all over ſprinkled with inflamed Hearts, and Love Knots, with aboundance

of double As; his Motto was a *Cupid* breaking out of a Cloud with these four Verses under it.

My Baſhful Love, Baniſh all fear,
From your concealing Cloud appear.
For now's the time, moſt Charming Eyes
To know that heart, you made your Priſe.

Don Alvares's Pride was laid humble at *Don Pedre*'s Feet, who bore him down with twenty more, and he alone carried the honour of the day. At Night there was a gallant appearance at *Conſtantia*'s appartment, where *Agnes* had not been without an expreſs and abſolute order from the Princeſs. She did appear very negligently dreſt, though ſtill charming with Vexation, ſhe had ſeen her Name and Colours us'd by *Don Alvares*, in a public Solemnity, and if her Heart was capable of any tenderneſs it was not for ſuch a Perſon as he, that her Nicety deſign'd them. She look'd on him with a Contempt, which hinder'd him not from preſſing much upon her,

her, and she was forc'd to give Ear to what he had a mind to say.

She was not rude, but her Coldness would have repuls'd all other but *Alvares*: Madam, said he to her, so soon as he could not be heard but by her self, I had till this present concealed that Passion which you had Inspired me with; in fear of your displeasure; but it has forc'd my respect, and I can no longer conceal it from you. I have made no reflections on your Actions, reply'd *Agnes*, with all th indifferency imaginable, and if you offend me, you wrong me the more in desiring my taking Notice of it. This Coldness is of evil Omen to me, reply'd *Don Alvares*, and if you have not this day taken notice of my love, it is to be fear'd, that you will never approve of it. Alas! what time have you chosen to shew it me, contin'd *Agnes*, does it so much Honour me, that you shew it with so mu'

care, and do you believe me so greedy of Glory, as to Aspire at that which derives from you? You have ill maintain'd it in the Justs, and if it is that vanity which prompts you on, you will make no great Progress in a Soul which loves not shame. Though you were in Possession of all the Advantages which the Prince has merited, yet you ought to reflect on what you are doing, and it is not a Person like me that can be mov'd by such respectless enterprises.

Don Alfonse's Favourite was too Proud, to hear *Agnes* thus spake without Colour; but his design being to render her flexible, and not to anger her; he conceal'd his Resentment; and taking Notice of the Observation which she had made on *Don Pedre's* Tryumph with an Addition of Jealousy. If, I have not overcome at the Just, reply'd he, I am not less Amorous, less capable of Succes in other sions. They

They were interrupted; but from that day, *Don Alvares*, who had gone over the first difficulties, no longer observ'd any Measures, and Persecuted *Agnes*, to whom the Kings Protection Inspir'd not the least considerations for him.

Don Pedre was still Ignorant of the means by which those Verses which he had lost in the Garden had fallen into *Constantia's* hands. The Princess appearing very Indulgent to him, he had no other trouble but for *Agne's* Interest. *Don Alvare's* Love, that was now so known did perplex him, and if he had follow'd his own Dictates, he had not left her expos'd to the Persecutions of that unworthy Rival. On the other hand he fear'd that the King should be inform'd of his Passion; but he did not then reflect enough on *Elvira*, to fear her Resentments.

She Burnt with a desire to ruine *Agnes*, against whom all her Poi-

son

ſon was ſtirr'd up, and ſhe was not tyred with making daily new reports to her Brother, aſſuring him though ſhe had no proofs for it, that *Agnes* did anſwer to the Prince's tenderneſs, that it was the true cauſe of *Conſtantia's* Grief, and that if that Princeſs ſhould dye of it, *Don Pedre* might Marry *Agnes*, infine ſhe did ſo irritate her Brothers Jealouſie, that he run, to ſhew it wholly to *Don Alfonſe*, who Trembled with Anger at it; My dear *Alvares*, ſaid he, to him, Marry her, that Beauty that is ſo dangerous, and let your Poſſeſſion ſecure both yours and my quiet. If I have protected you in other occaſions, Judge what a buſineſs of ſuch Importance to me can make me undertake. Act without any reſerve. The Powers of the Kingdom are in your Power, and all that I poſſeſs ſhall be certainly at your diſpoſal, provided you but render your ſelf Maſter of *Agne's* Deſtiny.

Don

Don Alvares well pleas'd with his Maſter, took hold of all the Authority that he gave him. He really Lov'd *Agnes*, and was loath to come at firſt to any violence; but he promis'd himſelf to be beyond all Management if ſhe ſtill continu'd inſenſible.

Mean time *Agnes de Caſtro* highly importun'd with his Aſſiduities, deſperate at *Conſtantia's* Griefs, and peradventure molified by thoſe which ſhe cau'd the Prince to ſuffer, did take a Reſolution worthy of her Virtue. As Amiable as was *Don Pedro*, ſhe could not ſee in him but the Husband of a Princeſs that was moſt dear to her, and far from ſeeking to improve that Power which ſhe had over his Heart, ſhe thought of nothing but abſenting her ſelf from *Coimbria*. *Don Alvare's* Paſſion, which ſhe would not favour did furniſh her with a pretence, and preſs'd on with the fears of cauſing at laſt a Divorce, moſt

Cruel

Cruel betwixt the Prince and his Spouſe, ſhe found out *Conſtantia* in a perplexity that all her cares could not conceal.

The Princeſs eaſily obſerv'd it, and their common misfortune having not alter'd her Friendſhip. What's the matter with you *Agnes*, ſaid ſhe, with her wonted ſweetneſs, and what new misfortune does your ſorrow come to inform me of; That Attachment which I have for you, Madam, reply'd *Agnes*, does put me to a Cruel Tryal, and pouring forth a Flood of Tears, I had limited the happineſs of my Life in the hopes of ſpending of it near your Perſon, yet I find that I muſt Tranſport ſomewhere elſe an Unfortunate Face, that renders me but ill Offices, and it is to obtain from you that Permiſſion, that I come to Embrace your Knees, looking on you as on my Sovereign.

Conſtantia was ſo ſurpris'd and ſo mov'd at *Agnes* propoſition, that

that ſhe remain'd Speechleſs; for ſome Moments, ſome ſincere Tears expreſs'd her firſt grief, and after ſhe had ſufficiently ſhed them to give *Agnes* a ſufficient Mark of her Tenderneſs, ſhe fixed her Sorrowful Eyes upon her, and obligingly holding forth her hand to her, then you will go, my dear *Agnes*, continu'd ſhe, and further expoſe me unto the ſorrow of ſeeing you no more. Alas, Madam reply'd that amyable Maid, Conceal from the Miſerable *Agnes* a Bounty which increaſes her Sorrows. It is not I that would depart, it is my Duty and my Reaſon that will have it ſo, and thoſe days that I ſhall paſs abſent from you, cannot promiſe me any thing ſo agreeable as to inſpire me ſuch a deſign if I found not my ſelf abſolutely compell'd to it. I cannot be Ignorant of what paſſes at *Coimbria*, and I ſhould be an Accomplice to thoſe Unjuſtices which are there committed ſhould I reſide

ſide there any longer —— Ah! I know your Virtue, cryed out *Conſtantia*, and you may remain here in all ſecurity, if I ſtay you here, and whatever does happen I ſhall never accuſe you of any thing. We muſt not promiſe our ſelves any thing of future, Madam, reply'd *Agnes* ſorrowfully, and I ſhall ſtill remain ſufficiently Guilty, ſo long as my preſence ſhall entertain ſuch thoughts as cannot be accounted Innocent. Moreover Madam, *Don Alvare's* importunities are unſufferable, and finding in my ſelf nothing but Averſion againſt him, that the King protects his Inſolency, and that he is in a Condition of undertaking much, my flight is abſolutely neceſſary; But Madam, though he poſſeſſes nothing but what is odious to me, I call Heaven to Witneſs, that if I could Cure the Prince by Marrying of him, I ſhould not defer it one moment, and finding in my mind, the Conſolation of having

Sacrific'd

Sacrific'd my ſelf for my Princeſs, I ſhould bear it without any Murmur; But in fine though I ſhould be *Don Alvare's* Wife, *Don Pedre* would ſtill have the ſame Eyes, and I find nothing better then to go hide my ſelf in ſome Corner of the World, where I ſhall certainly Live without Comfort; but where I ſhould preſerve my innocency. All that Juſtice which you can find in this deſign, anſwer'd the Princeſs, ſhall not oblige me to approve of it. Would your Abſence reſtore me *Don Pedre's* Heart, and would he not fly with you? His Cares, are mine, my Life is link'd with his, reduce him not then to a diſpair, if you, love me. I know you, I once again declare it to you, and what power ſoever you have over the Prince's heart, I ſhall not permit that you ſhould leave us.

Though *Agnes* believ'd ſhe had a perfect Knowledg of *Conſtantia*, ſhe did not expect ſuch a fund of

Virtue

Virtue, she found her self the more Unfortunate by it, and the Prince more Guilty. Oh! Wisdom, Oh! Bounty! beyond Example cry'd she out; why do not the Cruel Fates afford you all that you deserve. You are the Arbiter of all my Actions, continu'd she, kissing one of *Constantia's* hands, I will not do but what you please; but I beseech you to think on what reason ought to prompt you to prescribe to me.

Don Pedre, who had not yet seen the Princess that day, came in just then, and finding them both disturb'd he inquired after the reason with some earnestness. My Lord reply'd *Constantia*, the too Wise and too scrupulous *Agnes* fears the Effects of her Beauty, and will no longer live at *Coimbria* and it is on that Account, which cannot be pleasing to me, that she is asking my Advice. At this discourse the Prince grew pale, and with more disturbance then either of them had.

Agnes

Agnes cannot err, ſaid he, in following your Counſels; Madam, and I leave you with free Liberty of given them to her. He preſently went out, and the Princeſs whoſe heart he did ſo abſolutely poſſeſs, not being able to conceal her diſcontent. My dear *Agnes*, continu'd ſhe, though my ſatisfaction was not chain'd to the ſight of you, I ſhould ſtill deſire it on *Don Pedre's* account. It is, the only Advantage that his Unfortunate Love can hope for, and ſhould I not be with Juſtice reputed barbarous, if I ſhould contribute towards his being depriv'd of it? But that object is but a Poiſon to him, reply'd *Agnes*, and what ſhould I do my Dear Princeſs, if after ſo much reſtraint, his Mouth ſhould add to thoſe Evils which I have already felt, that of hearing him ſpake of his flame? You ſhould hear him without running him into diſpair, added *Conſtantia*, and I ſhould charge that new Obligation on my

Account

Account. You would have me to wait for events that I fear, Madam, answer'd *Agnes*, I shall obey you. But ye just Heavens! If they are Fatal, punish not for them an Innocent Heart. Thus ended that Conversation. *Agnes* retir'd into her Chamber; but it was without hopes of being more at ease.

That which *Don Pedre* had learn'd of her design, produc'd a strange Disturbance in his mind, he wish'd he did not Love her, and desired Death with great earnestness, but it was too late for him to wish against what the Fates had decreed, and whatever he endeavour'd to resolve himself to bear as to the Absence of *Agnes*, his Love never had the Power to consent to it.

After he had long strove, he firmly resolv'd to do that which he would not have *Agnes* to do. His Courage did reproach to him that idle Life which he lead during his happiest years, and

and repreſenting to the King that their Allies, and even the Prince *Don John Manuel* his Father-in-Law, had buſineſs in hand which required his preſence upon the Frontiers, he eaſily obtain'd the Liberty of making that Voyage, unto which the Princeſs could make no oppoſition.

Agnes did ſee him depart without any ſorrow: but that did not proceed from any Averſion. Then did *Don Alvares* convert his firſt importunity into an open Perſecution. He omitted nothing to touch *Agne's* Heart, and for ſome conſiderable time employ'd none but the Arms of Love, but finding that his reſpect and ſubmiſſion were fruitleſs, he took another Courſe, and fram'd moſt ſtrange Deſigns.

The King deferring all things to his Advices, he did eaſily inſpire in him what he pleas'd; he complain'd of *Agne's* Ingratitude, and fail'd not to let him know that it was but through her too great

ſenſibility

ſenſibility for the Prince that ſhe was ſo inſenſible to him, ſo that *Don Alfonſe* apt to be irritated, reiterated all thoſe Promiſes, which he had already made him.

The King of *Portugal*, had not yet diſcours'd *Agnes* in Favour of *Don Alvares*, and not doubting but that his Will would overcome all ſorts of Obſtacles, he ſought after an opportunity of Entertaining her, and putting her at ſome diſtance from thoſe that might over-hear them, I did think *Don Alvares* to be of a ſufficient Merit, he ſaid, to obtain ſome ſmall ſhare in your Eſteem, and I did not think it neceſſary that I ſhould require it of you for him, I know you are all charming, but he has nothing unworthy of you, and on the leaſt Reflection you might make of the Choice that my Friendſhip has made of him, amongſt all the reſt of my Courtiers, you would doubtleſs readily do him more Juſtice. His Fortune is not to be

diſputed

disputed, since I am the Protector of it. He is of a Noble Birth, his Courage does him Honour, he adores you, and in my opinion so many reasons ought to over-come your Scorns.

Agnes's Heart was so little dispos'd to give it self to *Don Alvares*, that all the King of *Portugal*'s Exagerations prevail'd nothing in his behalf. Though *Don Alvares* were without Merits, Sir, She reply'd, he possesses sufficiently of Advantages in those Bounties with which your Majesty does Honour him, to supply all other defects. It is not to find any defects in him that I answer not his wishes; But, Sir, through what Obligation would he have me to Love him, if the Heavens have not furnished me with a tender Soul? and why does he pretend that I should submit my self to him, when that nothing ought to be more dear to me then Liberty? You are neither so free nor so insensible

ſible as you ſpeak, reply'd *Don Alfonſe*, bluſhing with Anger, and if your Heart was free from all ſorts of Affections it might receive a more reaſonable one then that which poſſeſſes it. But Imprudent Maid, that you are guided by an ill fate, added he with Fury, what can you pretend from *Don Pedre?* Hither to I have conceal'd the ſorrow that his and your weakneſs have caus'd me; but it has not been the leſs violent for that; and ſince you oblige me to let it break forth, I ought to tell you that though my Son were not tyed to *Conſtantia*, his Marriage ſhould never conſern you. Renounce thoſe vain Ideas, and take a courſe that may cure him and juſtifie your ſelf.

The Courageous *Agnes*, was ſcarce Miſtriſs of her firſt Tranſport, at a Diſcourſe ſo full of Scorn, but calling her Virtue to ſecond her Anger, ſhe overcame her ſelf by her own reaſon, con-

conſidering the wrong which ſhe ſuſtained not as proceeding from a great King, but from a Man blinded and wholly poſſeſs'd by *Don Alvares*. She thought him not worthy of her reſentment. Her fair Eyes were animated with a ſparkling brightneſs, which witneſſed the purity of her intentions, and fixing them on *Don Alfonſe*; If the Prince *Don Pedre* has failings ſaid ſhe, with an Air that inclin'd ſomething to diſdain, he has never inform'd me of them, and I do not believe that I have contributed to them. To cure your diſtruſt, and ſet my Honour ſafe, I ſhall live at a diſtance from him, and all that belongs to you. Yes, Sir, I ſhall contentedly leave the aboad of *Coimbria*, and as to that Man ſo dear to you, added ſhe, with a Noble boldneſs, of which the King of *Portugal* was very ſenſible, that Favorite, who is ſo worthy to poſſeſs the moſt tender affections of a great Prince, I do aſ-

ſure you that in what part of the World ſoever my Fortune leads me, I ſhall not carry the leaſt thought of him with me. At theſe words, ſhe made a profound Bow, and did ſo ſuddainly diſtance herſelf from *Don Alfonſe*, that he could not oppoſe himſelf againſt her retirement.

He believ'd more then ever that ſhe did Favour *Don Pedres* paſſion, and paſs'd into *Conſtantias* appartment, to inſpire her with the ſame thought; but ſhe was not capable of receiving ſuch impreſſions, and following her Natural inclination, ſhe generouſly defended *Agnes's* Virtue, *Don Alfonſe*, vexed to find her ſo well diſpos'd on her rivals account, whom he would have her to hate, did murmur againſt her goodneſs, and went to joyn his anger to *Don Alvare's* rage who no longer was Maſter of himſelf after he had ſeen that his Maſter's Negotiation was of no effect. That Proud one

brav

braves me, Sir, said he, and contemns the Honour that your bounties have made her, that I might renounce so fatal a passion; but I must love her against my will, and though that Flame should cost me my Life, I plainly feel that I can not put it out. What i'st that I can do for you? replyed *Don Alfonse*? Alas! *Sir*, reply'd, *Don Alvares*, that which I can never hope for from Proud *Agne's* consent. Well, added the King seeing that I must not Publicly authorise any Violence in the Center of my Kingdom, chuse from amongst all my Subjects such as thou shalt Judge most capable of serving thee; carry off that Beauty which charms thee, and if she yeilds not to thy Love, make use of all that force can do for thee, to force her to Marry thee.

Don Alvares ravish'd with such a proposition, which at once did flatter his resentments and his

love caſt himſelf at *Don Alfonſe*'s Feet, did expreſs his acknowlegments to him, ſet forward his Zeal, with new proteſtations, and thought no longer but to employ his unjuſt authority againſt *Agnes*.

Don Pedre had been abſent above three Months, when *Don Alvares* did undertake that which the King had advis'd him to do. Though the Princeſs moderation was well known to him, he fear'd his preſence, and was loath to expect the return of a rival with whom nothing had yet been diſputed.

One night that the ſorrowful *Agnes*, full of her daily Diſturbances, was in vain expecting ſleep, ſome unknown men, whoſe ſteps were well order'd did take her out of the Palace, and after carried her out of *Coimbria*, without being hindred by any Obſtacle, ſhe could not well tell on whom to fix her Suſpicions. *Don Alvares* ſeem'd

seem'd too powerful to seek for his Satisfaction after such a manner, and she did not taxe with this attempt a Prince of whom she had too good an Opinion. All that she could say, did not hinder her ill adventure; she was carried away with dilligence, and before day, she was already considerably distant from the City.

At the first Glimps of day, she look'd on all those that surrounded her, not knowing so much as one; and perceiving well, that both out-cries, and tears, were in vain to such cruel minds, she rested contented in imploring the protection of Heaven, and so abandon'd her self to her Conductors.

While she was overwhelm'd with Sorrow, and uncertain of her doom, she perceiv'd a Body of Horse to advance towards the Troops that conducted her; The ravishers did not avoid it, beleiving it to be *Don Alvares*; but coming

ing near, they perceiv'd that it was the Prince of *Portugal*, who without any knowledg of this opportunity of ſerving *Agnes*, was returning to *Coimbria* full of her *Idea*, after he had perform'd all that he was to do in his expedition.

Agnes, who did not expect him alter'd her mind, and thought that it was by his orders that ſhe was forc'd away. Ah! my Lord, ſaid ſhe, in that thought, was it you that was thus to tare me from the Princeſs? and muſt ſo cruel a blow fall on me from a hand ſo dear to her? What will you do with a miſerable wretch who ſeeks but for Death? and why will you Tarniſh the Glory of your life, by a deſign ſo unworthy of you?

That Language did no leſs ſurpriſe the Prince, then the ſight of *Agnes* had done. He Apprehended that ſhe had been forc'd away, and inſtantly reſenting the moſt peircing ſtrokes of Anger, he gave her

her to understand with one single look, that he was not the base author of her grief. I, tare you from *Constantia* who are all her joy, said he, what thoughts have you of *Don Pedre*? If you see me here, I am wholly Innocent of that violence which is offer'd you, and which I shall prevent. Then did he turn himself towards the Ravishers; but his presence had already dispers'd them. He order'd his Men to pursue them, and at least to seise some from whom he might learn the authority by which they did Act.

During this, *Agnes* was not less confus'd then before, she admir'd the conduct of her Fortune, who brought the Prince at the very moment that he was so useful to her. Her equity did soon redress the wrong which her distrusts had caus'd her to do him. She felt some joy to have escaped a Misfortune which appear'd so certain to her, but it was no quiet

joy, when she consider'd that her deliverer was her lover too, and such a lover as deserv'd her entire acknowledgments, but that also owed his Heart to the most amiable Princess in the World.

Don Alvares, who fear'd being seen near to *Coimbria*, and who delay'd Prosecuting of *Agnes* till she was at a distance from it, had confided his design to some Friends, which he jug'd capable to execute it, and that had done it had not the Prince interpos'd.

During the time that his Men were persuing of the Ravishers of *Agnes*, he remain'd almost alone with her, and though he had resolv'd always to avoid her presence, his Fortitude could not withstand so fair an occasion. Madam said he, is it possible that Men born amongst those that obey us, should be capable of offending you? It was not to the care of Punishing such a Crime that I thought my self reserv'd; but since the Heavens have permitted

mitted that you ſhould receive it, I muſt periſh or cauſe you to forget it. My Lord, reply'd *Agnes*, more mov'd at this diſcourſe, then at *Don Alvares*'s enterpriſe, thoſe that want reſpect for the Princeſs and for you, may be diſpens'd from having any for me. I no longer doubt but that *Don Alvares* is the Author of this attempt, and I judge what I may expect from him, by that which his importunity has made me ſuffer. He is certain of the Kings protection, and he deſigns to make him partner in his crimes; But my Lord the Heavens have conducted you moſt happily here for me, and to you do I owe the Liberty of again ſerving the Princeſs. You would do for *Conſtantia*, that which is impoſſible not to perform for you, reply'd *Don Pedre*, your goodneſs binds you to her, and others Fortunes does for ever engage them to you.

The modeſt *Agnes*, who dread-ed this diſcourſe, as much as the danger which had been prevented, made no other anſwer then to caſt dow nher looks, and the Prince who underſtood her diſorder, left her to ſpake to two of his Men, who brought him back one of thoſe that *Don Alvares* had employ'd. He pardon'd him, and did not think that he ſhould puniſh him, for having obey'd a man, who was made Almighty through his Fathers weakneſs.

After this, *Agnes* was brought back to *Coimbria* where her being forc'd away, began to be highly cenſur'd. The Princeſs, was in-finitely Afflicted, and at firſt be-liev'd it was a conſequence of that deſign which that Fair Maid had expreſs'd to her of her retirement; but ſome Women that waited on her, having declar'd that violence had been offer'd to her, *Conſtantia* went and made her complaints to the King, who gave no great atten-tion to the relation. Madam

Madam, said he, let that Fatal Plague that deprives you of your Husbands Heart, be remov'd from you, and be not Afflicted at her absence, rather thank Heaven with me for it.

The generous Princess took *Agne*'s part, with a great deal of courage, and she was still disputing with the King, when *Don Pedre*, came to *Coimbria*.

The first object which struck his Eyes was *Don Alvares*, who was crossing one of the Courts of the Palace, in the midst of a Cloud of Courtiers, which his Favour did fasten to him. The sight of him caus'd *Don Pedre* to be disturb'd, but the sight of *Don Pedre* and *Agnes* gave him much greater troubles, he easily guest that it was *Don Pedre* who had rescued her from his Men, and if his fury could have Acted all that it would have done, it had produc'd very sad Effects, at that very Moment.

Don Alvares, said the Prince to him, is it thus that you employ that authority which the King my Father gives you? have you receiv'd Employs, and Power from his bounty, but to employ them in perfidiousness and in abusing of Women? Were you ignorant of that interest which the Princess has in this Maid, and did you not know what a tender affectionate esteem she has for her? No, reply'd *Don Alvares*, with such insolency as did quite anger the Prince, I was not Ignorant of it, nor of that share your Heart has in it. Base wretch, reply'd the Prince, neither that favour which thou abuses, nor that insolence which makes thee prate, shall hinder me from Punishing of thee, were thou worthy of my blows; but there are other ways to humble thy Pride, and it is not such an arm as mine that must take on it the vile employ of Chastising so mean a thing as thou art.

Don Pedre went forwards at these words, and left *Don Alvares* in such a rage as cannot be expres'd mad to see an enterprise fail, which he believ'd so sure, and at the Princes's scorn of him, and promis's'd to himself to Sacrifice all to his revenge.

Though *Don Alfonse* lov'd his Son, he was too much prepos'ses'd with his passion, to Pardon him what he had newly done, and he did condemn an action of great Justice, as if it had been an heinous Crime.

Elvira who the sweetnes's of hope had flatter'd for some moments, beheld *Agne's* return with a most sensible Sorrow, which left her no other thoughts then of stirring up her Brother to revenge.

In fine the Prince did see *Don Alfonse*, but instead of being receiv'd by him with that joy which he owed to the good succes's of his expedition, he shewed him nothing but a close Anger. After he had

render'd

render'd, him his first respects, and an exact account of his proceedings he spoke to him of that violence which had been offer'd *Agnes de Castro*, and complain'd of it in the Princess's Name as well as his own. You ought to be silent in that respect, reply'd the King, and that motive which causes you to spake, is so shameful that I blush and sigh for you. What concerns it you whether that maid, whose presence troubles me, be remov'd from hence or not? so long as I would have it so. But Sir, reply'd Don *Pedre*, was open force, craft and the night Season, to be employ'd, where the least of your orders was sufficient? *Agnes* had obey'd you, and if she remains here still, peradventure it is against her will. However, Sir, *Constantia* is offended at it, and without the fear of displeasing you, which, retains me, that action had not remain'd unpunish'd. How happy are you,

reply'd

reply'd *Don Alfonſe*, with a ſcornful ſmile, to make uſe of *Conſtantia's* name in this, to maintain the intereſts of your Heart. Do you think I know them not, and that that unfortunate Princeſs, looks on the wrong you do her with indifferency? never more mention *Agnes* to me continu'd he, in a ſevere Tone, be ſatisfy'd that I Pardon you for what is paſs'd, and think well on the kindneſs which I have for *Don Alvares*, when ere you deſign any thing againſt him. No, Sir, anſwered the anger'd Prince, I ſhall not ſpake any more of *Agnes*; but neither *Conſtantia*, nor I will any longer ſuffer her to be any more expos'd unto the inſolency of your Favorite.

The King of *Portugal* had like to have broke forth at this Diſcourſe; but ſome Reliques of Prudence prevented it. Retire, ſaid he to *Don Pedre*, and go make Reflections on what I can do, and what you owe me.

During

During this Converſation, *Agnes* was receiving from the Princeſs, and from all the Ladies of the Court, great Expreſſions of Joy and Friendſhip, *Conſtantia* ſaw again her Husband, with a great deal of ſatisfaction and far from being ſorry at what he had lately done for *Agnes*, ſhe privately return'd him thanks for it, and ſtill was the ſame towards him, nothwithſtanding all the Jealouſy which was endeavour'd to be inſpired in her.

Don Alvarés who found in his Siſter, a Maliciouſneſs worthy of his truſt, did not conceal his fury from her. After ſhe had made vain attempts to moderate it, in blotting *Agnes* out of his Heart, ſeeing that his Diſeaſe was incurable, ſhe made him underſtand, that ſo long as *Conſtantia* ſhould not be Jealous, there was no hopes. That if *Agnes* ſhould once be ſuſpected by her, ſhe would not fail of Abandoning her, and that then it would

would be easie to get Satisfaction, the Prince being now so Proud of *Constantia's* indulgency. In giving this Advice to her Brother, she promis'd to serve him effectually, and having no need of any body but her self, to perform ill things, she recommended *Don Alvares* to manage well the King.

Four Years were pass'd in that Melancholy station, and the Princess besides her first dead Child, and *Ferdinand* who was still Living, had brought two Daughters into the World.

Some Days after *Don Pedre's* return, *Elvira*, who was most Dextrous in the Art of well Governing any Wicked Design, did gain one of the Servants which belong'd to *Constantia's* Chamber; she first spoke her fair, than overwhelm'd her with Presents and Gifts, and finding in her as ill a Disposition as in her self, she readily resolv'd to employ her.

After she was sure of her, she compos'd

compos'd a Letter, which was after Writ over again in an unknown Hand, which ſhe depoſited in that Maids Hands, that ſhe might deliver it to *Conſtantia* with the firſt opportunity, telling her that *Agnes* had dropt it; This was the Subſtance of it.

I employ not my own Hand to Write to you, for Reaſons that I ſhall acquaint you with. How happy am I to have overcome all your Scruples! And what Happineſs ſhall I find in the Progreſs of our Intreague! The whole Courſe of my Life, ſhall continually repreſent to you the ſincerity of my Affections; pray think on the ſecret Converſation that I require of you. I fancy ſtill, that all Perſons that approach you, deprive me of ſomething of my due. I dare not ſpake to you in public; Therefore come this Night where you know, I conjure you to it by all that I have ſuffered; Mention no more *Conſtantia* to me; ſhe

muſt

muſt be ſatisfy'd with my Eſteem, ſince that my Heart could be none but Yours.

The falſe *Portuguiſe* Servant, obey'd *Elvira* exactly, the very next day perceiving *Agnes* coming from the Princeſs ſhe brought the Letter to *Conſtantia*, who receiv'd it, and found in it, that which ſhe was far from thinking on. Never did tenderneſs produce ſo ſorrowful an Effect as then. Alas! they are both Guilty, ſaid ſhe ſighing, and notwithſtanding that Tendency which I find in my Heart to juſtifie them, my reaſon muſt needs Condemn them. Unfortunate Princeſs, Sorrowful Subject of Fortunes Capricios, why canſt thou not Dye, ſeeing thou art not of a Humor to Revenge thy ſelf! *Don Pedre*, ought you to give me your Hand, when you knew you could not give me your Heart? And thou fair and ungreateful *Agnes*, wer't thou born to produce the Evil of my Days, and to be the cauſe of my Death?

Death? After she had given some Moments unto the violence of her Sorrow, she call'd to her that Person who had brought her the Letter, charg'd her not to spake of it to any body, and then order'd that no body whatsoever should be Admitted into her Chamber.

Then did she with more Liberty think on him whom she could not inspire with Love, and on her that betray'd her. The trouble of her Soul did not hinder her from seeking some means to excuse them. And desirous to do all that she could for *Don Pedre*, she took a firm Resolution of not complaining of him.

Elvira was not long, without being Inform'd of what pass'd, and of the Princess's Sorrow, whence she hoped for all that she could wish.

Agnes far from imagining any such Storm, return'd to *Constantia*, and learning her indisposition, she

pass'd

paſs'd the reſt of the day at her Chamber door, to learn ſome News of her; but ſhe was not permitted to enter. That Novelty did ſurpriſe and diſturb'd her. The Prince had the ſame fate, and was ſtartled at an order that was not to concern him.

Finally the next day *Conſtantia* appear'd; but with ſo much Dejection, that it was difficult to believe that ſhe had ſuffer'd much. *Agnes* was the moſt preſſing to approach her. The Princeſs could not contain her Tears. They both kept ſilence along time, *Conſtantia* did attribute that of *Agnes*, to ſome remorſe, and that Unfortunate Maid not being able to contain any longer; is it poſſible, Madam, ſaid ſhe, that two days can have depriv'd me of all that Bounty which you had for me? What have I done? And for what Crime are you thus to puniſh me? The Princeſs look'd languiſhingly

guiſhingly upon her, and did not anſwer her, but with a ſigh, and *Agnes* offended at ſuch a reſervedneſs, went out after an haſty manner, which contributed much to make her be thought Guilty.

After this the Prince came, who found *Conſtantia* more diſturb'd then uſually, and he moſt obligingly did Conjure her, not to neglect her Indiſpoſition. My greateſt good, is not the Preſervation of my Life, My Lord, anſwer'd ſhe, I ſhould take more care of it, did I love you leſs; But —— ſhe could not go on, and the Prince being put into a Conſternation through her diſturbance, did moſt ſorrowfully ſigh'd without anſwering, which caus'd her an increaſe of Sorrow. To this ſome grains of anger being added, andall things tending to perſwade the Princeſs that ſhe was Sacrificed amongſt them, ſhe did not enter on any diſcourſe that might produce

duce a right understanding, so left her Husband retire without speaking to him.

Nothing is more capable of disturbing our Reason, and of altering our Health, then the secret Motions of Jealousy and Solitude. *Constantia* who was accustom'd, to spake freely to *Agnes*, and who beleiv'd she was deceiv'd by her, did Abandon her self to such Perplexity as quite did overcome her. She fell violently Sick. The whole Court was concern'd at this Misfortune; and *Don Pedre* was really Afflicted at it: But *Agnes* appear'd more Concern'd then all the Rest.

Constantia's Coldness towards her, her continual sighs, and her obstinate Distemper, caus'd that after she had sought after the occasion of it, in all that she could recal into her Memory, she began to fear her self, and to reproach her self for all that the Princess did suffer.

Mean

Mean time the Diſtemper did ſo increaſe that *Conſtantia's* Life was extreamly fear'd, and that ſhe her ſelf began to find that it was time to think no longer of it; that though cau,'d her no diſturbance, She look'd on Death as a great good, and perceiv'd the deſpair thoſe Perſons approach'd her were in without the leaſt Concern.

Don Alfonſe who lov'd her and knew her Virtue, was mov'd at the Extremity ſhe was in, and *Don Alvare's* who had not loſt the leaſt occaſion, of making him conceive that it was Jealouſy which caus'd *Conſtantia's* Death, did but too much Exaſperate him againſt ſuch Criminals as were moſt worthy of Compaſſion.

The King of *Portugal* was not of a Temper long to Conceal his Anger. You give Examples, ſaid he to the Prince, that will render your Memory very Illuſtrious, and *Conſtantia's* Death, of which none but

but you can be accus'd, is the Unfortunate Effects of a Guilty Paſſion. Dread Heaven after this, and look on your ſelf as a Monſter that deſerves not to Live. If my Blood did not ſtill Plead in your behalf, what might you not fear from my juſt Reſentments? But what may not the Imprudent *Agnes*, to whom nothing Binds me, expect, if *Conſtantia* Periſhes? She that in my Court Foments your fooliſh Paſſion with vain hopes, and cauſes us to looſe ſo Amiable a Princeſs, that you were not worthy to poſſeſs.

Don Pedro knew, that *Conſtantia* was not Ignorant of his concerns for *Agnes*; but he alſo knew with what Moderation ſhe had always expreſs'd her ſelf on that point. The Kings reproach was very ſenſible; but his fault not being voluntary, and that an Imperious Accident did force him to Love in deſpight of

all his resistance, he appear'd more Afflicted, then Confounded. Without well examining of me, you have accus'd me, Sir, answer'd he, and if my intentions were well known to you, you would not, may be, find me so guilty, I should take the Princess whom you say I Sacrifice for Judge of my Actions, were she in a Condition to be Consulted. If I am Guilty of any Weakness, her Equity has never reproach'd me of it, and my Mouth has never informed *Agnes* of it. But Sir, though I had Committed some Fault wherefore would you Punish an Innocent Maid for it? Who would perhaps Condemn them as much as you do? Ah! Wretch reply'd the King, she has but too much favour'd you, and thy flames had not been so constant had they not been well rewarded. Sir, reply'd the Prince, peirc'd with Sorrow for the wrong which was offer'd to *Agnes*, you

offend a Virtue moſt pure, and thoſe expreſſions which proceed from your Anger, do not become you. *Agnes* has afforded me no Favours, I did never ask her any, and I proteſt that I have not had ſo much as a thought againſt what I owe to *Conſtantia.*

While they were in this Diſcourſe one of the Princeſſes Women came all in Tears to Advertiſe *Don Pedre*, that ſhe was at the laſt Gaſpe. Go look on your Work, ſaid the King, and expect no longer, from a Father, who has but too much ſpar'd you, but that Severity which you deſerve.

The Prince did run to *Conſtantia*, who he found Dying, and *Agnes* in a Swound in the Arms of ſome Women. That which had cau'd that redoubling of illneſs, was that *Agnes*, who could no longer bear the Princes indifference, had Conjur'd her to tell

her what her Crime was,and either to deprive her of life or reſtore her Friendſhip to her.

Conſtantia who felt that ſhe muſt ſuddainly Dye, would not retain a ſecred Anger againſt *Agnes*, and after ſome words that prepar'd her to a ſorrowful clearing of the buſineſs ſhe ſhew'd her that Pernicious Note, which *Elvira* had Compos'd. Ah! Madam, cry'd out the Beautiful *Agnes*, after ſhe had Read it, Ah! Madam, how many ſorrowful diſquiets had you ſpared me, if your Heart had expreſs'd it ſelf with its accuſtomed Bounty. It is not hard to ſee that this Letter is Artificial, and that I have moſt Mercileſs Enemies. Can you believe the Prince ſo Imprudent as to employ another Hand, then his own in ſuch an occaſion as this? And do you think me ſo ſimple as to keep that teſtimony of my ſhame with ſo little Cautiouſneſs? you are not betray'd, neither

ther by your Husband, nor by me I call Heaven to Witneſs, and thoſe Attempts which I made to get out of *Coimbria*. Alas! My Dear Princeſs, how little have you known ſhe that you have ſo Honour'd. Believe not that if I have juſtify'd my ſelf, I ſhall ever ſuffer the Worlds Converſation. No, no, there is no retreat diſtant enough for me to flye to, and I ſhall ſo well conceal my face, that it ſhall never give offence.

The Princeſs mov'd at *Agnes* diſcourſe and Tears, did preſs her hand, which ſhe held, and fixing her looks on her, capable to move compaſſion in the moſt inſenſible Souls; If I have done you any wrong, my dear *Agnes*, anſwer'd ſhe, Death which I expect every moment will avenge you of it. I ought alſo to proteſt to you, that I have not ceaſed loving you, and that I believe all that you ſay, in giving you again my moſt tender affection.

It was then that that ſorrow, which acted on them both did reduce them to that extremity, which caus'd the Prince to be call'd in. He was incapable of doing any thing at the ſight of them, and notwithſtanding thoſe tender motions that inclin'd him towards *Agnes*, he run directly to *Conſtantia*.

The Princeſs, unto whom a cold clammy ſweat did denounce her laſt moment, felt that ſhe had no time to looſe and cauſing all Perſons to withdraw that ſhe ſuſrected, my Lord, ſaid ſhe to *Don Pedre*. Though I quit my life without repining, I leave not you without regret and trouble. But dear Prince I muſt overcome even dying, and I will wholly forget my ſelf, to turn my thoughts only on you. I reproach you not, well knowing that it is inclination alone that diſpoſes of Hearts, and not reaſon. *Agnes* is ſufficiently Beautiful, to inſpire moſt ardent paſ-

ſion

ſions, and ſufficiently virtuous to deſerve the beſt Fortune in the World. I alſo ask her Pardon for ſome ſmall wrong which I have done her, and recommend her to you, as a Perſon moſt dear to me. Promiſe me, before I expire, to give her my Place in your dominions. It cannot be better fill'd. You cannot make choice of a more perfect Princeſs for your People, nor a better Mother for your Children. And you my dear and faithful *Agnes*, continu'd ſhe, lend not an ear to a too ſcrulous virtue, which might oppoſe it ſelf to the Prince of *Portugals* happineſs. Refuſe him not, an Heart that he is worthy of, and give him that Friendſhip which you had for me, with that which you owe to his Merit. Take care of young *Ferdinando*, and of the two little Princeſſes that will retrieve me in you, ſpake of me ſometimes to them. Farewell

live both happy, and receive my laſt embraces.

The afflicted *Agnes*, who had recover'd a little of ſtrength, loſt once more all her ſenſes. Her faintneſs was follow'd with ſuch violent Convulſions that her life was in very great danger. But *Don Pedre* kept cloſe to *Conſtantia*, what, Madam, would you depart; and with a belief that it were an advantage to me. Ah! *Conſtantia* if my Heart has in any wiſe wrong'd you, your own virtue puniſhes it, againſt your will for it. Think you me ſo barbarous —as he was going to continue he perceiv'd that Death was cloſing for ever the generous Princeſs's Eyes, and it little wanted that he did not follow her.

But what an abyſs of Sorrow was this to *Agnes*? ſo ſoon as ſhe learn'd, during a reſpite, that her reaſon receiv'd that *Conſtantia* was newly expir'd, ſhe would have

deſtroy'd

deſtroy'd her ſelf, and gave a full ſcope to her diſpair.

At the Noiſe of this Death both the City and Fields were in an uproar, *Elvira* who then ſaw *Don Pedre* free to diſpoſe of himſelf, repented for having contributed to the Death of the Princeſs. *Don Pedre* who accus'd himſelf of it, did condole his Misfortune; And *Agnes* who thought herſelf the true cauſe of it, did promiſe to her grief that ſhe would never forgive herſelf for it.

There was reaſon to watch her for diverſe days, in which ſhe dryed not her Tears The Prince imploy'd them in a deep Mourning; But when the firſt Notions of grief were over, thoſe of his love made him ſenſible that he was ſtill the ſame.

Don Alvares, who fear'd now the Prince's diſengagement, made new attempts to gain *Agnes de Caſtro*, who was become inſenſible of

all things but of her own discontent. *Elvira* desirous to reap advantage from her own dexterity, imploy'd all the Art, and Craft in her brains, to rekindle those fires wherewith the Prince had formerly courted her; but his inconstancy was already limited, and *Agnes* alone was to reign over his Heart.

She had taken a firm resolution since the Death of *Constantia* to give her self wholly up to retiredness for the rest of her Life. Maugre all the Cautiousness which she us'd to conceal her design, the Prince was inform'd of it, endeavour'd all he could to dispose his constancy to submit to it. He beleiv'd himself stronger then he was in that point; but after he had well Consulted himself, he knew but too well, how much *Agnes's* presence was necessary to his welfare. Madam, said he to her one day, his Heart ready to break, and

and his Eyes full of Tears, which of the Actions of my Life, may have caus'd you to resolve on my Death! Though I have never told you how much I Love you, I am Perswaded that you are not Ignorant of it. I have been forc'd to silence during many years, for yours, *Constantia's*, and my own sake; But it is no longer in my power so to constrain my self, and I ought to express my self at least once with you. Receive therefore the assurance of a passion, full of respect and of heat with the offer of my Fortune, which I should not wish better, but to share it with you.

Agnes answer'd not at first to these words but with abundance of Tears; at last having dryed them up, and looking on *Don Pedre* with an Air, which gave him to understand that she was not well agreed with her wishes; If I were capable of that Weakness

neſs which you would inſpire me with, My Lord, reply'd ſhe, you were oblig'd to Puniſh me for it. What, *Conſtantia* is ſcarce in her Tomb, and you would have me to offend her thus? No my Dear Princeſs, added ſhe, with more vehemency, No, ſhe who you have ſo much weighed down with favours, ſhall not deſerve the curſe of Heavens and the ſcorn of Men by ſo perfidious an action. Do not therefore, my Lord, obſtinate your ſelf in a deſign which I ſhall never approve of. You owe *Conſtantia* ever after her Death, ſuch a fidelity as may juſtifie you; and I, to repair thoſe Afflictions which I have caus'd her, I ought to avoid all Converſation with you. Go Madam, reply'd the Prince, changing Colour, go and expect the News of my Death, in thoſe places where your Cruelty ſhall Conduct you. They ſhall follow you cloſe, and that War, that

that now employs our Neighbours will ſoon procure it me.

Thoſe words made the Beauteous *Agnes* of *Caſtro* to feel that her innocence was not altogether ſuch as ſhe had taken it to be, and that her Heart did concern it ſelf for the Prince. You owe the Preſervation of your Life unto the Prince and Princeſs, that *Conſtantia* has left you, ſhe tenderly reply'd. Would you abandon their Youth to *Don Alvares*? Live, my Lord, live, and Permit the moſt unhappy *Agnes* to fall a ſingle Sacrifice? Ah! thou Cruel Maid, reply'd the Prince, why do you order me to Live, if I cannot live without you? Is it an effect of your hatred? No, My Lord, reply'd *Agnes*, with ſome concern, I hate you not; and would to Heaven that a little of indifferency would come and aſſiſt my Weakneſs, cauſe me not to ſay more. You perceive my Bluſhes, expound them as you

pleaſe,

pleaſe; but ſtill conſider, that the leſs Averſion I find in me towards you, the more guilty I render my ſelf, and that I ought not to ſee or ſpake to you. In fine, My Lord, if you oppoſe my retirement, I declare that *Don Alvares*, as odious to me as he is, ſhall ſerve me as a fence againſt you, and that I ſhall rather reſolve to marry a Man which I abhore, than to favor a paſſion which has caus'd *Conſtantia's* Life. Well, *Agnes*, reply'd the Prince with looks full of ſorrow, follow thoſe Motions that your Barbarous Virtue inſpires you with. Take thoſe cautious Meaſures which you judg moſt neceſſary, againſt an Unfortunate Love, and enjoy the Glory of having refus'd all to my deſires.

He retired at theſe words, and all troubled, as was *Agnes*, ſhe would not retain him; Her Courage overcame her Grief and ſhe thought more then ever on her depart.

It had been difficult for her to leave *Coimbria*, without the Kings consent, and not to defer that which appear'd so necessary to her, she was at *Don Alfonses* Apartment. Maugre *Don Alvares* interests, he shew'd her a severe brow, and yet not being able to give his consent to her request, you shall not stir from hence, said he, and if you are wise, you will here share and enjoy any Friendship with *Don Alvares*. I have design'd another way, Sir, answer'd *Agnes*, and the World has no share in it. You might except *Don Pedre*, reply'd the King of *Portugal*, his condition may satisfy an ambitious Person; but you would not succeed *Constantia*, who so tenderly lov'd you; and *Spain* hath more Princesses wherewith to fill, a part of that Throne, which I am to leave to my Son, Sir, reply'd *Agnes*, touch'd to the quick with that discourse. If I had any dispositions for Love,

and

and designs of marriage, the Prince ſhould be perhaps the only Perſon, on whom I could fix them, and you, Sir, know that if my anceſtors wore no crowns yet they were not unworthy of them. However I will be gone, and I believe not my ſelf a Slave in a place in which I came free.

This bold Anſwer, which diſcover'd truly *Agne's* Character, did ſtartle *Don Alfonſe*, and at the ſame time did vex him alſo. You ſhall go, when we ſhall think it convenient, reply'd he, and without being a Slave at *Coimbria* you ſhall however expect our orders there.

Agnes well ſaw that there was no ſhrinking from thence and ſhe was ſo troubled at it, that ſhe kept her Chamber for many days, without daring to inquire after the Prince; and that ſolitude ſav'd her the labour of ſeeing *Don Alvares*.

During this *Don Pedre* fell ſick, with

with so much violence and danger, that the fear of his Death was general. *Agnes* could not doubt but that it was an effect of his troubles she at first believ'd her self sufficiently strong to see him dye, rather then prove favourable; but some small reflections did soon convince her of the contrary. She found not in the bottom of her Heart that cruel constancy, which she thought to be so firmly establish'd there. She felt some trouble and disorder, shed Tears, made wishes, and finally discovered all her Weakness.

None could behold the Heir to the Crown, and a Prince that so well deserv'd it in that extremity, without a general affliction. The People who lov'd him, did pass whole days at the Palace Gates, to learn news of his health, and the Courtiers were sorrowful.

Don Alvares alone could conceal a Malicious Joy before the King,

King, under ſorrowful appearances. *Elvira* full of tenderneſs, and perhaps of remorſe ſuffer'd on her part alſo. The King who though he condemn'd his Sons love, did however love him, could not reſolve to looſe him, and *Agnes de Caſtro*, who knew the exceſs of his grief expected the end with ſtrange agitations.

Finally after more then a Month of fears, ſome little hopes did appear. The Prince himſelf, with Don *Alvares*, were the only two, that had no joy at it, but *Agnes* did feel enough for all the reſt.

Don *Pedre* perceiving that he muſt reſolve to live, againſt his own will, thought no longer then how to paſs ſorrowful days, ſo ſoon as he was able to go, he ſought after ſolitarineſs, and even gain'd ſo much over his weakneſs, as to go in all Places where *Agnes* did not appear but her Idea follow'd him

him ſtill every where, and his memory very faithful in repreſenting her to him with ſo many Charms, did ſtill render her dangerous.

One day, that he had been conducted in the Garden, he ſought after a Labyrinth which was at the fartheſt end, there to conceal his Melancholy during ſome hours, he found the ſorrowful *Agnes*, who had been brought thither by thoughts little differing from his, and her ſight which he expected not, caus'd him to ſtagger, ſhe perceiv'd in his Paleneſs, and weakneſs, ſome relicks of his diſeaſe. His Eyes full of Languiſhments, diſturb'd her; and notwithſtanding the deſire ſhe had to fly, an unknown Power retain'd her, and it was impoſſible for her to retreat.

After ſome moments of ſilence which was interrupted with many ſighs, *Don Pedre* did riſe from a place

place where his weakneſs had caus'd him to reſt, he ſhew'd to *Agnes* coming towards her, ſorrowful marks of his ſufferings, and not contented to conſerne her pitty by her Eyes; you had reſolv'd my Death, cruel *Agnes*, ſaid he, to her, my will was agreed to it; but the Heavens would reſerve me for greater evils, and I again behoid you, as unfortunate, but more in amour'd then I was before;

Agnes wanted not thoſe words to molify her, the Prince's languidneſs did ſpake, and that fair Maids Heart was but too well diſpos'd to render up it ſelf. She then believ'd that *Conſtantia* ought to reſt ſatisfied. Love who Combated for *Don Pedre*, did triumph over Friendſhip, and found out that happy moment, after which the Prince of *Portugal* had ſo long ſighed.

Re-

Reproach me not of that which has coſt me more then you, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, and accuſe not an Heart that is neither ungrateful nor barbarous. I muſt ſay that I love you; but when that is confeſs'd what do you require more?

Don Pedre who expected not ſo favourable a revolution, did feel a double ſatisfaction, and falling at *Agnes's* Feet; he told her more, with a ſilence which his Paſſion had caus'd then all the moſt Eloquent words could have expreſs'd.

After he had been ſenſible of all his happineſs, he conferr'd with *Agnes* on what they had to fear from *Don Alfonſe*. They concluded that the unfortunate Paper which had diſturb'd *Conſtantia's* laſt days, could not proceed but from *Elvira*, and *Don Alvares*. The Prince who knew that the King was ſeeking already after new alliances

alliances for him, and that would have his Favorite to Marry *Agnes*, did ſo tenderly conjure her, to prevent her perſecutions, to conſent to a ſecret Marriage ; that ſhe agreed to it after a long debate, I ſhall do all that you pleaſe my Lord, ſaid ſhe, though I have but very ſorrowful foreſights. All my Blood freezes when I think on that Marriage, and *Conſtantia's* Image ſeems as if it would prevent it.

The amorous Prince did overcome thoſe ſcruples, and parted from *Agnes* with a ſatisfaction, which ſoon recover'd all his ſtrength. He after that did ſee her, with the Pleaſure of miſtery in love, and at laſt the day of their union was come. *Don Gill*, Biſhop of *Guarda*, performed the ceremonies of their Marriage, in preſence of divers witneſſes that were Faithful to *Don Pedre* who became poſſeſs'd of all *Agnes's* Charms. She

She liv'd not quiet for being now the Prince of *Portugals* wife. Her Enemies who ſtill Proſecuted her did not leave her without diſturbance; and the King who was offended at her reſiſtance, did abſolutely command her to Marry *Don Alvares*, with threats to force her will if ſhe continu'd refractory.

The Prince did highly take her part, and that joyn'd to the refuſal which he made of Marrying a Princeſs of *Arragon*, gave ſuſpicions of the truth to the King hisFather.

He had a ſecond, but too much intereſted in the buſineſs, not to unravel it. *Don Alvares*, and his Siſter did act in it with ſuch cares, gave ſuch largneſs, and made ſo many promiſes, that at laſt they did diſcover the ſecret engagement betwixt *Agnes* and *Don Pedre*.

There

There little wanted but that the King at firſt ſo highly tranſported, had not broke forth in a cruel manner againſt the fair Princeſs. *Don Alvare*, whoſe love did change into a violent hatred, did ſtop his firſt fury in making him conceive that though the Marriage could be made void he ſhould not be ſufficiently reveng'd, and he ſo well did Poiſon *Alfonſes* mind, that he made him conſent to *Agnes's* Death.

The Barbarous *Don Alvares* offer'd his arm for that horrid execution, and his rage did ſufficiently anſwer for the certainty of the ſacrifice.

Don Alfonſe, who thought the honour of his Family to be concern'd by this alliance, and particularly his in his Son's proceedings, did give a full power unto that executioner who animated him.

It was not very eaſy to execute that deſign though the Prince did not

not ſee *Agnes* but in ſecret, all his cares were ſtill watching for her good, and he had been above a Year her husband, when *Don Alvares* found the occaſion which he had ſo long ſought after.

The Prince did not take much Pleaſure, nor but rarely did diſtance himſelf from *Coimbria*. One unfortunate day, and ſet a part by the Heavens, for ſo horrid an act, he made a match at Hunting, towards a ſtately Houſe that the Kings of *Portugal* have near to the City.

Agnes lov'd all that could pleaſe him, but a ſecret trouble did make her to fear that unfortunate journey. My Lord ſaid ſhe to him, being alarm'd without knowing for what, I tremble ſeing you to day, as if it was the laſt time in my life. Preſerve your ſelf my dear Prince,

and though the exercise you are going about is not always dangerous, consider the least of dangers and bring me back all that I confide in you.

Don Pedre who had never seen her so Fair and so Charming, did divers times embrace her, and went out of the Palace with his retinue not to return thither again till the next day. —

While he was going, the cruel *Don Alvares* was preparing himself for that Bloody execution which he had resolv'd. He thought it of that importance as not to ingage himself singly, and made choice, to accompany him in it of *Don Diego Lopes Pacheo*, and *Pedro Cuello*, two such monsters as himself, whose cruelties had been assur'd him by his presents.

They stay'd till night, and the Beautiful

Bautiful *Agnes* was in her firſt ſlumber, which was the laſt of her life, when thoſe murtherers came to her bed ſide. Nothing had oppos'd *Don Alvares*, who was all powerful, and who was introduced near *Agnes*, by the blackeſt of furies. She did awake and perceiv'd, drawing the Curtain, by the light of a Taper, left lighted, the dagger with which *Don Alvare's* hand was arm'd. He having not covered his face ſhe eaſily knew him, and forgetting her own danger to think of the Princes. Juſt Heavens! ſaid ſhe lifting up her Eyes, if you will avenge *Conſtantia*, reſt contented with all my Blood, and ſpare *Don Pedre's*. The barbarous Villain who heard her, gave her not time to ſay more, and having not had the Fortune to move *Agnes's* Heart, he receiv'd the horrid ſatisfaction of ſtabbling it through with a Dagger, His partners did

give her ſome blows alſo, and there needed not ſo many to put an end to her innocent life.

What a Spectacle, for thoſe that approach'd her Bed the next Morning, and what news for the moſt unfortunate Prince of *Portugal*. He preſently return'd to *Coimbria* at the firſt rumour of this adventure, and did behold that which had certainly coſt him his life, if one could dye of grief. After he had a thouſand times embrac'd the bloody Corpſe of *Agnes*, and ſaid all that a juſt deſpair could prompt him to ſpeak, he run up and down the Palace like a diſtracted Man, requiring the Murtherers of his wife from things that underſtood him not. He at laſt ſaw the King, and without obſerving any reſpect, he gave a full ſcope to all his reſentments, after he had long ſpoken, he fell oppreſs'd with grief into a faintneſs which laſted all the reſt of the

the day. He was carried into his appartment, and *Don Alfonſe* believing that this evil would prove his cure, did not repent him of what he had done.

Don Alvares with the two others went out of *Coimbria*, and that abſence diſcover'd their guilt, of which the moſt afflicted Prince did promiſe a ſuddain revenge unto fair *Agnes*'s Aſhes, being reſolv'd to perſue them to the very end of the World. He made a conſiderable party of thoſe that were affectionate to him, and after he had made havok of thoſe Territories which are watered by the *Duero*, he purſu'd that War unto the Death of *Alfonſe*, inceeſſantly mixing of Tears with the blood which he ſpilt in revenge of his dear *Agnes's* Murther.

Thus

Thus was the end of the unfortunate Amours of *Don Pedre* of *Portugal*, and of the beautiful *Agnes de Caſtro*, whoſe memory the Prince did faithfully preſerve on his Throne, on which he ſet by Birth-right after the Death of *Don Alfonſe*.

FINIS.